

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



NEWSPAPER

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[PRICE 6 CENTS.]

PERSECUTION OF NEGROES IN THE CAPITOL— ASTOUNDING REVELATIONS.

UNDER the heading of "Secrets of the Prison House," we last week alluded to the revelations which have recently been made in Washington, of the confinement of negroes in that city, for no other cause than their color, under the authority of municipal laws derogatory of the spirit of the age, in violation of the precepts of Christianity, and preeminently disgraceful to the fame of the National Capitol. The matter, as we have said, was brought before Congress by Senator Wilson, and referred to the Senate Committee on the District of Columbia, with instructions to make it a subject of inquiry, and to report what legislation is necessary to remedy the abuse. In the interval, Mr. Seward has issued an order to General McClellan to arrest all persons who may attempt to imprison negroes on the ground of their being fugitives. It seems that a law has existed for many years in the District of Columbia, authorizing the constables and police magistrates to arrest and confine

negroes, fugitives from labor, or unable to produce free papers. Under this law they have lately arrested and confined considerable numbers, without any investigation and without using any efforts to have justice done. Some of the victims were no doubt runaway slaves, others slaves of secessionists, living in the adjoining counties of Virginia and Maryland; others free colored men of the North, who came to Washington in company with the three months' regiments, in the capacity of servants to the officers, and while visiting the city upon a necessary errand, were taken into custody. Others inhabitants of Washington, living peaceably at home, without any intention of departing, who were captured, in some cases merely from a spirit of malice or tyranny, and locked up in the city prison.

The motive alleged for the capture of these negroes is a desire to have them kept in prison for a certain space of time—we think a year—and then have them sold for the purpose of paying their costs. While we think it hardly possible that a motive so base could actuate men occupying

responsible positions, and administering justice, yet the evidence in the case, collected by Mr. Detective Allen, and reported by him to Provost-Marshal Porter, seems to prove the fact. In his report this officer draws a fearful picture of the sufferings of the poor captives. He says:

"I find incarcerated in the city jail in this city, in the midst of filth, vermin and contagious diseases, on a cold stone floor, many without shoes, nearly all without sufficient clothing, bedding or fire, and all in a half-starving condition, 60 colored persons, male and female, confined because—in the language of their commitments—they were suspected of being runaways, and no proofs had been adduced that they were not runaways."

Our Artist in Washington has visited the city prison, and has drawn the revolting scenes there presented before him with photographic accuracy. His pictures, which we this week present, speak with a powerful although silent truth and rhetoric, and will contribute their share towards rousing the people against the abuse practised in their name, in the capitol of the nation. Although this kind of evidence is not necessary to establish the truthfulness of the engravings published in this paper, yet we take pleasure in pre-



SECRETS OF THE PRISON-HOUSE—A CELL IN THE FEMALE DEPARTMENT OF THE WASHINGTON JAIL. FROM A SKETCH MADE ON THE SPOT BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. LUNLEY.

sending the following letter, signed by competent witnesses in Washington, testifying to the accuracy of the sketches of Mr. Lumley:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 9, 1861.

MR. ARTHUR LUMLEY, Frank Leslie's Artist—

SIR: The undersigned have visited the jail in Washington City, and have seen the large number of negroes confined in the cells. We found the inmates in the midst of vermin, closely crowded together, and some of them almost naked, having been incarcerated for over half a year, as we were informed by the keeper of the jail, and for no crime whatever, but simply because no one has appeared to claim them as owner.

We have examined the sketches you have made of these unfortunates, and, at your request, willingly testify to the fidelity of the likenesses, and the truthful portrayal of their miserable condition. The sketch of the jail, in the distance is accurate, and the surroundings of your design are drawn from life and strikingly recognizable. The physical condition of the inmates of the jail is painful to contemplate, but the fact that they are suffering the horrors of such imprisonment for no offence against God or man, but simply because they are friendless, is a dishonor to the nation under the shadow of whose capitol the wrong has been perpetrated.

We cannot doubt that your sketches, if successfully transferred to print, will do much to abate this nuisance, and in such belief we heartily congratulate you.

Respectfully yours,

HENRY WILSON,

U. S. Senator, Mass.

A. S. MITCHELL,

Washington Correspondent of N. Y. Times.

W. H. PAINTER,

Washington Correspondent Philadelphia Inquirer.

GEO. C. BOWER, JR.,

Washington Correspondent N. Y. Tribune.

E. J. ALLEN,

Office of the Provost-Marshal.

C. C. COFFIN,

Washington Correspondent Boston Journal.

Barnum's American Museum.

THE GREAT FESTIVE SEASON.—THE CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR HOLIDAYS will be the most brilliant season at this establishment ever known there. The greatest variety of Living Curiosities and Wonders, and the most gorgeous and attractive Stage Performances. A new piece, prepared expressly for this occasion, entitled "The Tower of Beauty," in which 40 beautiful Young Ladies will appear in a Fairy Scene, floating about in the air, dancing on wreaths of roses, springing up from the centre of expanding flowers, &c., &c., will be introduced for the first time in America, a scene which cannot fail to enchant the most intelligent and enrapture children. For fuller particulars see the daily papers. Admission 25 cts. Children under ten, 15 cts.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE, Publisher.—E. G. QUIER, Editor.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 28, 1861.

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Mason and Slidell—The Echo.

We have the long-expected howl of the British Lion over the Mason-Slidell affair, and it very nearly realizes what we expected it would be. Predicating their comments on the reports of the Captain and Purser of the Trent, both very one-sided, and in parts untrue, the English newspapers, as a whole, have gone off in venomous diatribes against the United States, winding up with melodramatic invocations of vengeance on our guilty heads. The cotton-brokers in Liverpool, also, whose divinity is a cotton bale, and whose aspirations turn to Heaven only because the clouds in that direction are white and flossy, incontinently met in "spontaneous mass meeting," and preambled and resolved, after a fashion neither dignified nor decent. Altogether, the little island of England, if not frightened from its propriety, certainly forgot it, and made an unseemly exhibition of itself, of which it will soon become heartily ashamed.

With one or two exceptions, the comments of the press have been simply ebullitions of passion, without the slightest reference to the law of the case, or of the place it must hold under the maritime code which England has herself established. The assumption that the commander of the San Jacinto intended any "insult" to the British flag, on which most of the newspapers proceed, has no support, nor do those who charge such an intent believe that it existed. We wanted Slidell and Mason, and took them, as we had a right to do. If we had wanted to "insult" the English flag, or hurt the feelings of that amiable brute, the British Lion—that symbol of long-suffering and forbearance!—we might have taken the Trent, as we also had a right to do. We abstained from exercising our rights in the case out of respect for the British flag, which the Trent had abused, and to show that we are disposed to ameliorate the severities of war, as far as consistent with our own security and success.

The *Times*, which is about the only London daily that stopped to look into the law and the precedents, although disposed to be as vituperative as the foulest-mouthed of its contemporaries, found the research rather discouraging and a good deal embarrassing. It confesses, with a very bad grace, that "Unwelcome as the truth may be, it is nevertheless a truth, that we have ourselves established a system of international law which now tells against us. In high-handed, and almost despotic, manner we have, in former days, claimed privileges over neutrals which have, at different times, banded all the maritime powers of the world against us." And in another place it is forced to admit that, "So far as the authorities go, the testimony of international law writers is all one way, that a belligerent war cruiser has the right to stop and search any merchant ship upon the high seas."

The right to stop and search the Trent is therefore admitted. The only question remaining is, "Had we the right to seize the Rebel Commissioners?" But as England has insisted on the right of seizing its own subjects, even on the vessels of war of a neutral nation, and once went so far as to engage in a war with the United States in vindication of

that right, the *Times* does not attempt to controvert the lawfulness of our action in the case. But by a singular inconsistency it claims that the status of the Commissioners was not to be determined by the commander of the San Jacinto, and that it was his duty to have taken the Trent into port, where the question could have been regularly adjudicated. Our forbearance, in fact, is made a ground of complaint. Well, we are happy to be able to console our London friends. We have the authority of the Secretary of the Navy, that the forbearance of Commander Wilkes is not to be regarded as a precedent; and we feel entire confidence that the next British vessel caught in such practices as the Trent was engaged in will be treated with a severity which will satisfy the rigor of the *Times*, and soothe its sense of propriety and regard for strict construction of the law.

The fact that England has recognised the rebels as belligerents, even to the extent of admitting their piratical vessels into her ports on the footing of the regular cruisers of a recognized nation, is one of those outrages on our rights and violations of good neighborhood which, as lies are said to do, has "come home to roost!" The laws applicable to belligerents must be admitted, by Great Britain at least, to hold as between us and the rebels, while we have the right to treat them as rebels. Nemesis still lives! We shall have our pound of flesh—Oh Jew! We shall seize all of your vessels carrying "dispatches," or "munitions of war," or "officers," civil or military, as well as "soldiers," and instead of extracting the contraband or contrabands and letting them go, we shall henceforth bring them into our ports and condemn them and sell them. We shall not again lay ourselves open to the reproaches of the *Times* for being either squeamish or tender-hearted!

It is a little strange, if anything concerning us which appears in the London press could be either strange or inexplicable, that the *Times*, having so clear perceptions of maritime law, should be so ignorant as regards present facts. The *Times* asserts that "They (we) tell us that they are not at war, but are only putting down a rebellion. They say, or said, that they are not blockading their own ports, but are simply enforcing a law which has closed the Southern ports as ports of entry."

Now this is simply a blunder or a falsehood; for although Congress invested the President with power to close the Southern ports as ports of entry, yet he has not chosen to exercise that power, but to treat them as under blockade. In his message, President Lincoln says on this point: "In the exercise of my best discretion I have adhered to the blockade of the ports held by the insurgents, instead of putting in force by proclamation the law of Congress, enacted at the late session for closing these ports."

The irritation in the public mind of England is perhaps natural enough, but it must give way before a consideration of the facts and the law. Indeed, there is reason to believe that before the affair of the Trent was known in England, the very point now raised was under discussion by the law advisers of the Crown, in connection with the presumed mission of the United States war steamer James Adger, and that it was decided in favor of the right of search and capture. So at least we were told through the press, and at the rebel sympathizing meeting of the Liverpool cotton brokers, Mr. Torr, one of the speakers, informed his audience that "A letter had been shown to him by a Southern gentleman, in which it was stated as a positive fact that the law officers of the Crown had, in anticipation, expressed a decided opinion in favor of the legality of a proceeding similar to that which had just taken place in regard to the Trent by the San Jacinto."

We may, therefore, dismiss from our minds any apprehension of trouble with Great Britain on account of Messrs. Mason and Slidell, unless, indeed, she wishes to force a quarrel on us, in which case this will answer for a pretext. But we question if she is prepared for a war at this moment. There is no doubt of the truth of the following remark from the city article of the *Times*:

"Although no one in the city to-day has been able to conceive it possible for any United States' warrant to be served on board a British ship for the capture of peaceable passengers not charged with any recognized crime, the Cabinet will be fully supported even in tolerating that act, provided it can be shown to be in conformity with the reciprocal law between the two nations, or the nations of the world generally."

The "toleration" will be much facilitated by the circumstance of short crops and famine in Ireland. And as we are sure of the law on our side, we may consider ourselves safe for the present from the vengeance which a certain class of "bold Britons" are invoking against us.

Report of the Secretary of the Treasury.

HISTORY will no doubt confirm the judgment of his contemporaries in respect of Mr. Chase, President Lincoln's Secretary of the Treasury. He is universally regarded as the first man in the Cabinet. Able, prompt and energetic, his administration of the finances of the country has been an entire success. He entered the Treasury to find it not only empty, and with numerous demands against it unprovided for, but also without credit; in a word, bankrupt. In common with every other department under the administration of Buchanan, that of finance had been thoroughly demoralized. To meet its current expenses, the Government had been compelled to beg a petty loan from distrustful capitalists at the unwonted and ruinous rate of 12 per cent. per annum. Probably no man in this century—certainly no one in this country—ever took an office of such importance under circumstances so unpropitious and trying; yet during the brief space of nine months, in face of the most powerful rebellion known to history, and in face of an unprecedented expenditure, averaging not far from a million a day, Mr. Chase has not only kept the Treasury full, but has established a credit as broad as the capital of the country is large. It is true he has been greatly assisted by the patriotic sentiment of the country, but the credit of directing that sentiment and giving it confidence and strength is nevertheless due to Mr. Chase. Clear in his statements, direct and practical in his propositions, his policy is intelligible to the whole people, as well as to what are called the moneyed classes, and the consequence has been a ready and cordial acquiescence in

the measures necessary to supply the wants of Government and sustain the National credit. His present report will sustain his already well-earned reputation, and his suggestions will no doubt receive the complete concurrence of Congress and the people.

Of course no one expects that the means to carry on the war on its present extensive scale can be obtained without a considerable sacrifice. But the country regards the National honor and integrity as above price, and worthy of every sacrifice, to the last dollar and the last drop of loyal blood. It listens, therefore, without astonishment and without complaint, to suggestions for increasing the revenue and supplying the "sinews of war," which under other circumstances would be alarming. Duties on tea and coffee, taxes on income, stamps on legal documents, etc., are novel impositions here, although familiar enough abroad, and certainly have not an attractive look. But the exigencies of the times require them, and we must accept them. We must do so, not only to pay the interest on the heavy loans we are obliged to resort to, but also so as to furnish a surplus fund for the liquidation of the public debt. As observed by Mr. Chase, "The idea of perpetual debt is not of American nativity, and should not be naturalized."

He therefore recommends an increased tariff, on brown sugar of two and one-half cents per pound; clayed sugar, three cents; green tea, twenty cents; and coffee, five cents. The direct tax on property is recommended to be \$20,000,000 from the loyal States; and, furthermore, \$20,000,000 by duties on stills and distilled liquors, on tobacco, on bank notes, on carriages, on legacies, on paper evidences of debt and instruments for conveyance of property, and other like subjects of taxation; also \$10,000,000 from the income tax, making the total yearly product of direct taxation, other than customs, amount to \$50,000,000 per annum.

The proceeds of customs duties are estimated at \$32,198,662, and from lands and miscellaneous sources, \$2,354,062. The total from all other sources except direct taxation is estimated at \$40,000,000, and from direct taxation \$50,000,000, making the yearly revenue \$90,000,000. On this subject the Secretary gives the following interesting remarks and calculations:

"But if the sum is large, the means of the people are also large; and the object to be attained by a consecration of a portion of them to the public service is priceless. The real property of the loyal States is valued, in round numbers, at seven and a half thousands of millions, the personal property at three and a half thousands of millions, and the annual surplus of earnings of the loyal people at not less than three hundred millions of dollars. Four mills on each dollar, or two-fifths of one per cent. on the real and personal property of the loyal States, will produce forty-four millions of dollars; to which sum the proposed income tax will probably add ten millions. The whole sum will be little more than one-sixth of the surplus earnings of the country."

The existing appropriations, loans and estimated revenue for the year ending June 30, 1862, are estimated at \$329,501,994, and the expenditures at \$543,406,422. This will require further loans for \$213,904,427, but \$200,000,000 will probably be enough.

For the year ending June 30, 1863, the expenditures and interest on debt are estimated at \$475,331,245, and the receipts from customs and taxation at \$95,800,000, leaving a balance to be raised by loans of \$379,431,215.

The whole amount required from loans may, therefore, be thus stated:

For the year 1862, under existing laws.....	\$75,449,675 00
For the fiscal year of 1862, under laws to be enacted.....	200,000,000 00
For the fiscal year 1863, also under laws to be enacted.....	379,431,215 51

Making an aggregate of.....\$654,920,920 51

If the war lasts until June 30, 1863, and these estimates prove correct, the National debt on that day will be \$900,000,000.

The statement, in brief, is as follows:

On the first day of July, 1860, the public debt was.....	\$64,709,703 08
On the first day of July, 1861, the public debt was.....	90,867,828 08
On the first day of July, 1862, the public debt will be.....	517,372,802 93
On the first day of July, 1863, the public debt will be.....	807,372,802 93

Hatteras, with Variations.

WELL, we have "cackled" over the Port Royal affair; in fact, to use an expressive Western phrase, "we haven't done anything else!" But we forget! We have done something. General Sherman has "proclaimed" after the manner of all the army officers. He has also taken a respectful look at Fort Pulaski. And some of our gunboats have successfully shelled a number of abandoned rebel batteries in St. Helena Sound and elsewhere. Regular visits have also been made to Beaufort, to observe the progress of the pillage of the place by the negroes. And that, we believe, is all, except, perhaps, the digging of some ditches and erection of some earthworks in the rear of Fort Welles (late Walker), to protect it from being taken from the land, while the fleet protects it from the water. This exercise with the mattock and spade may be good for the soldiers, but the formidable list of deaths—more than 60 in number—for the first twenty days of occupancy, nearly all from "typhoid" and "congestive fever," does not favor the supposition. We should have suggested the employment for this kind of work of the "hundreds of able negroes," who, it is said, "hang around the camps." But then we are simple civilians and incapable of understanding the mighty mysteries of war. It may tend to elevate the spirit and strengthen the morale of men, to put them at grubbing and digging, instead of drilling and fighting; but "we don't see it," probably because, as we have already said, we are only civilians. Such occupations, it is true, will serve to keep our troops out of danger, and prevent them from hurting anybody—particularly if they are well under the cover of the guns of the fleet! And as for the slaves, are they not pillaging their master's houses, and generally damaging the enemy, which they could not do if set to work in the trenches?

But *badinage* apart. It is hard to write calmly of the utter lack of enterprise and spirit which has characterized all of our military operations east of the Alleghenies, and it is hardest of all to see the fruits of the victory so gallantly achieved by our fleet at Port Royal, after so large a preparation and expenditure, slipping from our grasp, without an

attempt to seize them. We know upon the best authority that, at the time General Sherman landed, there were not 3,000 men in South Carolina in condition to take the field; and there is a moral certainty that the railroad between Charleston and Savannah could have been broken up, and either city captured at his discretion, within a week after the rebel flag was struck on Hilton Head. This is not mere speculation. We have the testimony of a number of seamen who were in Charleston at the time, and who have since been liberated, that when "the United States forces landed at Port Royal, the consternation of the people of Charleston was intense beyond all description, and there were not at that time, nor for days after, more than 2,000 men in a condition to defend the city on the land side." They add, that had any considerable part of General Sherman's army been marched on the city, it would have fallen easily before it; but that, when they left, a force of 20,000 men had been concentrated for its defence. The same is true of Savannah. The Brooklyn Times contains the narrative of a lady who left that city subsequently to the capture of Port Royal. She reports that the panic was universal, and adds:

"It was the general supposition that the Yankees would march upon Savannah and capture it immediately, which they would not have had the least difficulty in doing, as there were no soldiers there, and no weapons nor ammunition either. Everybody was seized with a sudden panic, and no thought was entertained of making a defence if attacked. A number of the wealthiest citizens removed every valuable movable thing in their houses to some place in the country, and placed combustible materials in the rooms preparatory to firing them as soon as the Yankees landed. Cotton was sent inland as fast as it could be carried. But the Yankees did not land; no movement was made towards Savannah, and the senses of the brave Southrons began to come back to them. They telegraphed to different points of their danger, and in a few days there were about 17,000 troops in the city; the forts were reinforced, the batteries manned, new works of defence erected, and preparations made to give the Yankees a warm reception when they made their appearance."

There is no doubt of the accuracy of these reports, nor, unfortunately, of the fact that no movement can now be made on either of these cities, except by a force more powerful than we are likely to be able to spare from the Potomac.

It may be said that it was not the object of the Government to attack either Charleston or Savannah. If not, what object commensurate with the extent and cost of the expedition was had in view? Certainly not the barren satisfaction of hoisting the National flag on a remote island, and fencing it in with fortifications and protecting it by fleets, as at Hatteras, Santa Rosa and Ship Island. Time may prove that the inaction at Hilton Head is not only judicious in itself, but a necessary part of some of those vast strategic schemes of which we have heard so much and seen so little. If so, we shall hasten to humiliate ourselves in sackcloth and ashes, and shall never see a cocked hat without taking off our own humble "tite" in penitential deference for the wisdom which it must necessarily conceal. But, until then, we shall adhere to our present conviction—that the military profession, in common with all others, has its full share of blunders, and has no special exemption from incompetence and indecision.

We think the results of the Port Royal affair have in no way realized the expectations formed of it, simply for the reason that the blow was not promptly followed up. It is Hatteras over again, on a grand scale. So far from producing a stampede of Southern regiments from before Washington, we are now told that the rebel army has been reinforced by 70,000 men. A new line of fortifications, it is also said, is erecting on the mainland, between the Port Royal islands and the vital points of Charleston and Savannah, while the entire male population is pressed into the rebel service for the defence of those cities. The expedition which was fitting out at Port Royal, under Gen. Viele, presumably against Fernandina, has been postponed, it may be indefinitely; and Gen. Sherman, after finally garrisoning Beaufort, now rests from his arduous labors and—awaits reinforcements!

We have heard of a mountain that, after much labor, brought forth a mouse; but we doubt if it was so very small a mouse as this one!

Who Hesitates is Lost!

NAPOLEON remarked at St. Helena: "Generals are rarely found eager to give battle; they choose their positions, establish themselves, consider their combinations, but then commences their indecision; nothing is so difficult, and at the same time so important, as to know when to decide."

Wellington said: "The fault with most commanders, however brave, is backwardness in taking the last step to bring on a battle, especially when armies are large; arising from deep moral anxieties, and, after all, the uncertainties of the issue."

Washington, in a letter to Congress in 1780, expressly speaks of "our security depending on a want of enterprise in the enemy," and says that "we have been indebted, for our safety during a greater part of the war, to their inactivity."

Let us suppose for an instant that the fire which burns all through the subjoined letter of the 21st of February, 1814, from Napoleon to Augereau, were to seize on McClellan, or Buell, or Halleck, or even on Sherman? Who is there to write to McClellan: "Do you say that your 200,000 men on the Potomac are untrained, while the principal avenue to the capital is blockaded? That the roads of Virginia are bad, and the rebels numerous? McClellan, what miserable excuses!" There is no Napoleon to say this, but there is a mightier than he, the People of the United States, who have given you upwards of 600,000 men, and poured their treasures in a flood at your feet, and they say that "inaction now is crime!" General, "when the National Army sees your plume waving in the van, you will do with them whatever you will."

Hear Napoleon to Augereau:

"What! Six hours after receiving the first troops from Spain you are not in the field! Six hours of rest is quite enough for them. I conquered at Austerlitz with the brigade of dragoons coming from Spain, who from Bayonne had not drawn rein. Do you say that the six battalions from Nîmes want clothes and equipment, and are untrained? Augereau, what miserable excuses! I have destroyed 30,000 enemies with battalions of conscripts, scarcely clothed, and without cartridge boxes. The National Guards are pitiful! I have here 4,000 from Angers and Bretagne in round hats, without cartridge boxes, but with good weapons; and I have made them tell. There is no money, do you say? But where do you expect to get money but from the pockets of the

enemy? You have no teams! Seize them. You have no magazine? But! this is too ridiculous! I order you to put yourself in the field twelve hours after you receive this letter. If you are still the Augereau of Castiglione, keep your command. If your sixty years are too much for you, relinquish it to the oldest of your general officers. The country is menaced and in danger. It can only be saved by daring and alacrity, and not by vain delays. You must have a nucleus of 6,000 picked troops? I have not so many, yet I have destroyed three armies, captured 40,000 prisoners, taken 200 pieces of artillery and thrice saved the capital. The enemy are in full flight upon Troyes! Be before them. Act no longer as of late. Resume the method and spirit of '93. When Frenchmen see your plume waving in the van, and you first of all exposed to the enemy's fire, you will do with them whatever you will."

Military Proclamations.

THE subject of military proclamations has been taken up in Congress, and will, we hope, receive a thorough ventilation. Whether from proximity to Mexico or from "vaulting ambition," almost all of our officers, high and low, from Major-Generals down to Colonels, have gone into a wholesale proclamation business. They have proclaimed on all sorts of occasions and on all sorts of subjects, and some of them have proclaimed many times over—made proclamations, in fact, a weekly, if not a daily pastime. The epidemic has spread into Secession, particularly into the Western part thereof; and we think the Southern windbags have, on the whole, got the best of it, if not in the grammar of their productions, at least in their length and turgidity.

These multitudinous proclamations would not be so objectionable if they were confined to the commonplaces of war, such as the impropriety of stealing pigs and chickens, or to calls on our "misguided fellow-citizens" to return to their allegiance. But they often include matters which should only, and can only be regulated by the highest National authority, and involve questions of policy which should not be left to the decision of any officer in the field, high or low. Maj.-Gen. Halleck orders all fugitive slaves out of his lines, and forbids his army receiving them. On the Potomac they come freely into camp and are protected; while Gen. Sherman, lately in Kentucky, went so far as to return them to their rebel masters.

No doubt the Government is blameable for not furnishing an explicit circular of instructions on this subject of treatment of fugitives to all its officers, and blameable, also, in not instructing them specifically as to the nature and wording of proclamations—if, as it would appear, proclaiming and not fighting is to be the principal business of our military leaders. If different Generals are permitted to announce separate policies, in conformity with their individual sentiments and prejudices, there can be no such thing as harmony among the people. The friends of the several officers will inevitably constitute themselves partisans of his policy, and we shall soon find, as we have indeed already found, the great loyal column divided up into embittered factions, to the detriment of the great cause which all have at heart. Henceforth let the Government do its own proclaiming; but let it be clearly and intelligibly, so as to admit of no misconception or mistake.

Currency.

THE Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Chase, condemns in his report the further use of demand notes by the Government. He proposes to substitute a general currency, through existing banking associations and institutions, founded upon the security of United States stocks and specie, to be deposited with such institutions—the notes to have a common impression and to be authenticated by a common authority. In other words, the Government to supply well-established banks, in all parts of the country with notes of convenient denominations, which the banks are to protect at their own counters—their security being U. S. shares and "an adequate provision of specie." As, under the banking laws of all the States, Government and State stocks are made the basis of bank issues, there is nothing novel in the principle of the plan proposed by Mr. Chase, while its advantages would be "uniformity in currency, uniformity in security, effectual safeguard, if effectual safeguard is possible, against depreciation, and protection from losses in discounts and exchanges, while in the operations of the Government the people would find the further advantage of a large demand for Government securities, of increased facilities for obtaining the loans required by the war, and of some alleviation of the burdens on industry through a diminution of the rate of interest, or a participation in the profit of circulation, without risking the perils of a great money monopoly."

Mr. Chase adds that a "further and important advantage to the people may be reasonably expected in the increased security of the Union, springing from the common interest in its preservation, created by the distribution of its stocks to associations throughout the country, as the basis of their circulation."

NEGRO SOLDIERS.—The Washington correspondents of the daily press report on the authority of a deserter from the rebel army before Washington, that "there are two regiments of negroes at Centreville, under the command of Jordan, an old colored veteran of 1812, having been a drummer-boy under General Jackson. One of these numbers 1,100, and the other 1,400. Two other colored regiments were sent to Missouri since the last battle there. These regiments are composed of both free and slave. They are not allowed to do picket duty, but are drilled and encamped separate from the white men. Their officers are all colored." When the colored men of this city held a meeting in April last, to organize a regiment for the service of the Government, they were dispersed by the police. The rebels are not so particular.

SPRINGFIELD.—The House of Representatives has passed a resolution tendering the thanks of Congress to the soldiers who fought under General Lyon at Wilson's Creek, and authorizing each regiment engaged in the battle to bear on its colors in gold letters the word "Springfield."

CAMP SPORTS.—The 47th New York regiment, Washington Greys, have lately captured an alligator in one of the swamps near their camp at Port Royal, and amuse themselves with him to a great extent, personating him as a "Secesher," and indulging in defiant and contemptuous remarks on rebellion in his presence, with the intention of harrowing his feelings.

THE CITY OF GOLD.—Philadelphia has a specie basis. She may lack silver, but her soil is gold—in a state of great dilution. Mr. Eckfeldt, of the Philadelphia Mint, has found out that clay contains gold, or, at least, that Philadelphia clay does. Out of 130 grammes of

clay, taken from a depth of 14 feet below his cellar, he extracted one-fourth of a milligramme of gold. The quantity is not very enormous, and the proportion will be better understood if we say that in one million and a quarter pounds of clay there is one pound of gold; or, to use another mode of calculation, three cents worth of gold in a cubic foot of clay. Taking this as a standard, it has been estimated that beneath the houses and streets of the Quaker City there lies a store of gold worth \$125,000,000! Assuming that all clay is as good as Philadelphia clay (which we hope our provincial friends will concede for sake of the argument), then, if the gold contained in each brick that fronts our houses could suddenly be brought to the surface in the shape of gold leaf, each of them would be ornamented with a glittering patch two inches square. Of course we take all this upon credit, but there are strange secrets of nature yet to be revealed by means of our increasing chemical knowledge and manipulative skill. The mud of our streets has been made to yield its aluminum, and it is only waiting for "the coming man" to give up its gold also.

ARTEMUS WARD delivered a lecture recently, in Boston, on the melancholy history of the Children in the Wood, in which he observed that there was a time when the clanking of the chains of our slaves greatly troubled John Bull and hurt his feelings, but that now his ears are so full of cotton that he cannot hear the sound.

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WAR OF 1861.—Published in semi-monthly parts, by Frank Leslie. Edited by Hon. E. G. Squier. This work has already reached its 13th number. It is issued in a large page form, which admits of the publication of large engravings, and is one of the best pictorial works ever issued in this country; it will vie indeed with the best productions of the largest London publications of engravings on wood. The engravings are spirited, truthful and well calculated to interest the reader. The letterpress contents are furnished by E. G. Squier, an author noted for his work on Central America. All the matters pertaining to the war are taken up and are well treated.—New York Daily Sun.

UNION SENTIMENT IN THE SOUTH.—The South, even outside of Tennessee, North Carolina and Georgia, is by no means a unit, and in spite of all the precautions adopted by the rebel Government to prevent the truth being known, we have abundant evidence of a strong and frequently demonstrative Union element, even in the rebel States. It is announced in the Richmond papers that a "great Union conspiracy" has been discovered in New Orleans, and that a large number of persons implicated have been arrested. There is a significant and painful reserve in the phraseology of the statement, which betrays the intervention of the official censor, and leads us to believe that it has been reluctantly made, with the purpose of weakening the effect of reports impossible to conceal, and of a startling character. There are, no doubt, thousands and tens of thousands of men in New Orleans and elsewhere who, under a mask of acquiescence in the rebellion, if not of open sympathy with the rebellion, are anxiously waiting and praying for the advance of the National forces. They may not be able, like their brethren in East Tennessee, to rise in arms, but they cannot be prevented from concerting, in secret, plans of co-operation with their friends and deliverers under the starry flag. Arkansas would seem to be the least likely of the rebel States in which to look for a strong national feeling; but that it exists even there is evident from the late message of Gov. Rector, who refers to the fact with characteristic mildness and elegance as follows:

"More treason lurks in Arkansas, under the garb of patriotism, than most men conceive of. Libelous insinuations of its authorities, gloatingly sought for, and swallowed by snarling cormorants of newspaper filth, well attest this fact."

TRUTH.—If the war is to be prosecuted in earnest and to quick conclusions, there must be unity at Washington; a definite policy applicable throughout the whole field of operations—meeting and solving clearly and emphatically every question, however delicate and embarrassing, that comes up requiring a practical answer. We have reached a point where it will not do to have different plans and different purposes in different localities.—Boston Transcript.

KANAWHA OR WESTERN VIRGINIA.—In the Constitutional Convention of Western Virginia, now in session at Wheeling, on the 2d of December, Mr. Hogan, of Boone county, offered the following preamble and resolution, which was referred to the Committee on Fundamental and General Provisions:

Whereas, Negro slavery is the origin and foundation of our national troubles, and the cause of the terrible rebellion in our midst that is seeking to overthrow our Government; and whereas slavery is incompatible with the Word of God, and detrimental to the interest of a free people, as well as wrong to the slaves themselves; therefore Resolved, That the Convention inquire into the expediency of making the proposed new State a free State, and a provision be inserted for the gradual emancipation of all slaves within the proposed boundaries of the new State, to be submitted to the people of the same for their approval or rejection.

MEXICAN PRIVATEERS.—The "aid and comfort" that Great Britain has extended to the piratical vessels which the rebels have sent out under the name of privateers, has naturally predisposed us to listen rather complacently to the intelligence that Mexico has determined to issue letters of marque for the purpose of attacking the commerce of England, France and Spain, which powers have entered into a war against her. It is understood that a considerable number of Mexican naval officers are in our principal cities for the purchase and equipment of vessels for this purpose. The reception which the Nashville has met with in Southampton, we hope, will be extended to the Mexican privateers. We are under some obligations to Uncle Bull which we shall now have an opportunity to pay off!

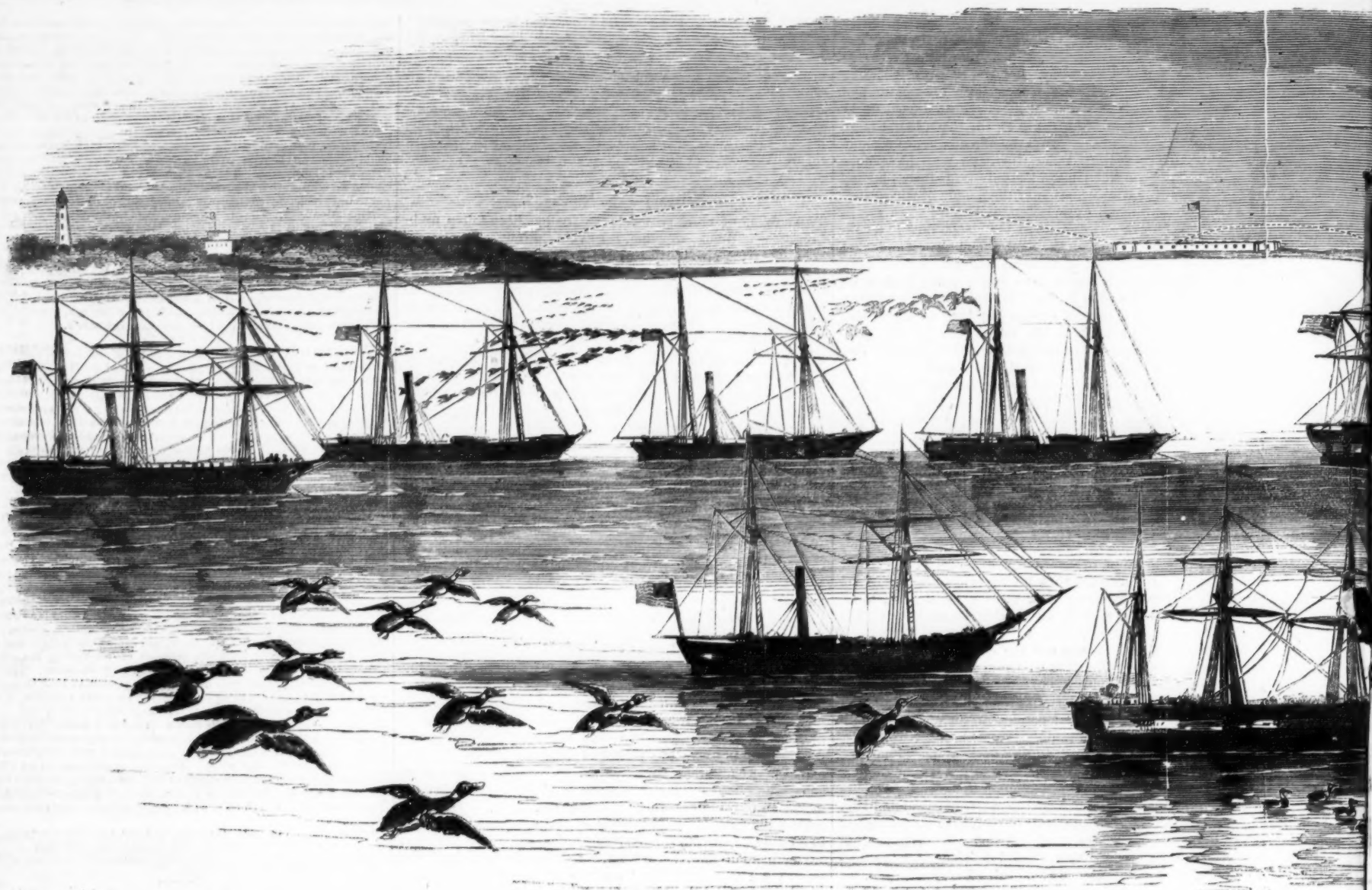
THE STATUS OF MAIL STEAMERS.—A number of the English papers have laid great stress on the fact that the Trent was a mail vessel, and came, therefore, in the category of a National ship, exempt from the operations of the sea-police. That point, however, is summarily disposed of by the London Post, the organ of Lord Palmerston, which says: "The fact of the Trent being a mail steamer does not remove her from the simply commercial class of vessels—ships-of-war and transports being alone strictly sacred from search."

Latest from Europe.

By the Europa and City of Washington we have news from Europe to the 5th Dec. The excitement in England was intense, the national irritation having been fanned by the cotton interest and the oligarchy. There had been a meeting of the British Cabinet on the 30th Nov., to receive the opinion of the Law Lords, which was against the legality of Capt. Wilkes's act—their judgment is founded on an unworthy quibble. The Europa was detained for 12 hours to bring over to Lord Lyons the ultimatum of the British Cabinet. It is reported to be an immediate apology, and the restoration of Mason and Slidell to the British. Failing to obtain these, Lord Lyons is to demand his passports. This is, however, merely a rumor, unworthy of comment, since a few days will reveal the fact. It is said that the French and German presses are opposed to the seizure of the rebel Ambassadors. Troops, arms and ammunition, are to be immediately dispatched to Canada, and the Queen had issued another proclamation prohibiting the export of saltpetre and a variety of ingredients for gunpowder. If it is not better observed than her famous Neutrality Proclamation, it won't be of much avail.

Burning of Charleston.

A JUDGMENT, almost divine, has fallen upon Charleston. On the morning of Wednesday, the 11th of December, a fire broke out in the lower or business part of the city, which was raging at 10 o'clock on Friday night, when the steamer Illinois passed the harbor, about 10 miles off. It is said to be the work of negro incendiaries. The part burned contains many public buildings and stores, and is about a mile in length and half a mile in width. The consternation and distress are great. The wind was blowing from the north at the time, and the two best engines were rendered useless by the negroes who were working them. The damage is incalculable.



Lighthouse. Flag. Martello Tower. Pembina. Tybee Island three and a half miles range from Fort Pulaski. Seneca. Pocahontas. Ottawa. Fort Pulaski.

GREAT SOUTHERN EXPEDITION—ENTRANCE TO SAVANNAH RIVER, SHOWING FORT PULASKI, TYBEE ISLAND, THE VESSELS SUNK BY THE REBELS IN THE

SAVANNAH AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

Our present paper is rich in the most interesting illustrations of Savannah and its surroundings, comprising localities especially important at this time. The numerous engravings we publish to-day will give our readers a complete idea of the scene now of so much excitement.

Entrance to Savannah River.

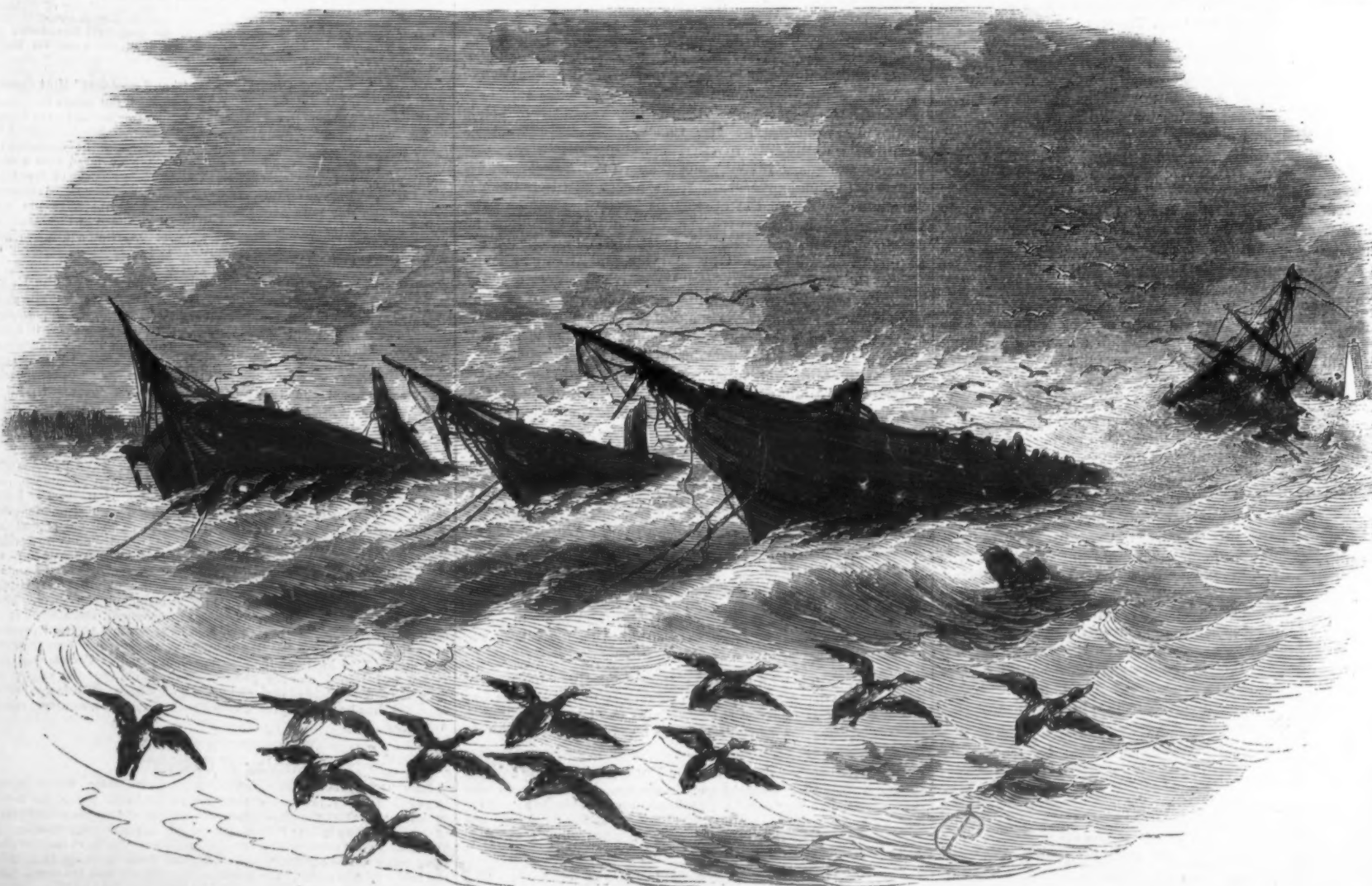
Savannah, the chief city of Georgia, is situated on the southern

side of the river of that name, and 18 miles from the mouth, which is nearly six miles broad, from the point on Tybee Island, on which the Martello Tower and the lighthouse stand, and the northern end of Hilton Island, by Calibogue Sound. Let us briefly describe the entrance to this beautiful river. We will suppose our reader to be on board the Seneca, under the hospitable care of that model salt, Capt. Ammon, and that he is steaming up the river to throw his gauntlet of shell and shot to Fort Pulaski; but before he does this he naturally pays his respects to the Martello Tower, which, situated on Tybee Island, juts immediately upon the Atlantic. On the right,

at about six miles off, is Hilton Island, on the northern end of which stands Fort Walker. On the left is Tybee Island, behind which lies, though in ambush, Little Tybee Island. The first object on Tybee Island is the ancient Spanish Martello Tower, described below, and about 300 yards beyond that stands the ruined lighthouse. Two miles westward of the Martello Tower is Fort Pulaski, situated on Cockspur Island—Turtle Island, opposite, forming the northern entrance of the river. When the Pocahontas and the Seneca arrived off Savannah river, on the evening of the 23d November, Capt. Ammon was fully under the impression that the Martello Tower was occupied

by the rebels, and obtained without delay. Early Sunday up the entrance, guns, while the of the Flag, being steamed up town guns, to find out and near the opp With our glasses waving over it, whatever.

Finding no nearer and let no reply from the and sometimes After maneuver up past the fort turning round his range of any gun had called forth to be because



SHIPS SUNK BY THE REBELS AT THE ENTRANCE OF SAVANNAH RIVER, IN THE CHANNEL OPPOSITE FORT PULASKI, GA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST TAKEN ON THE SPOT.

When the Nat of the Savannah by the rebels ab ment of "the o Spaniards. It i

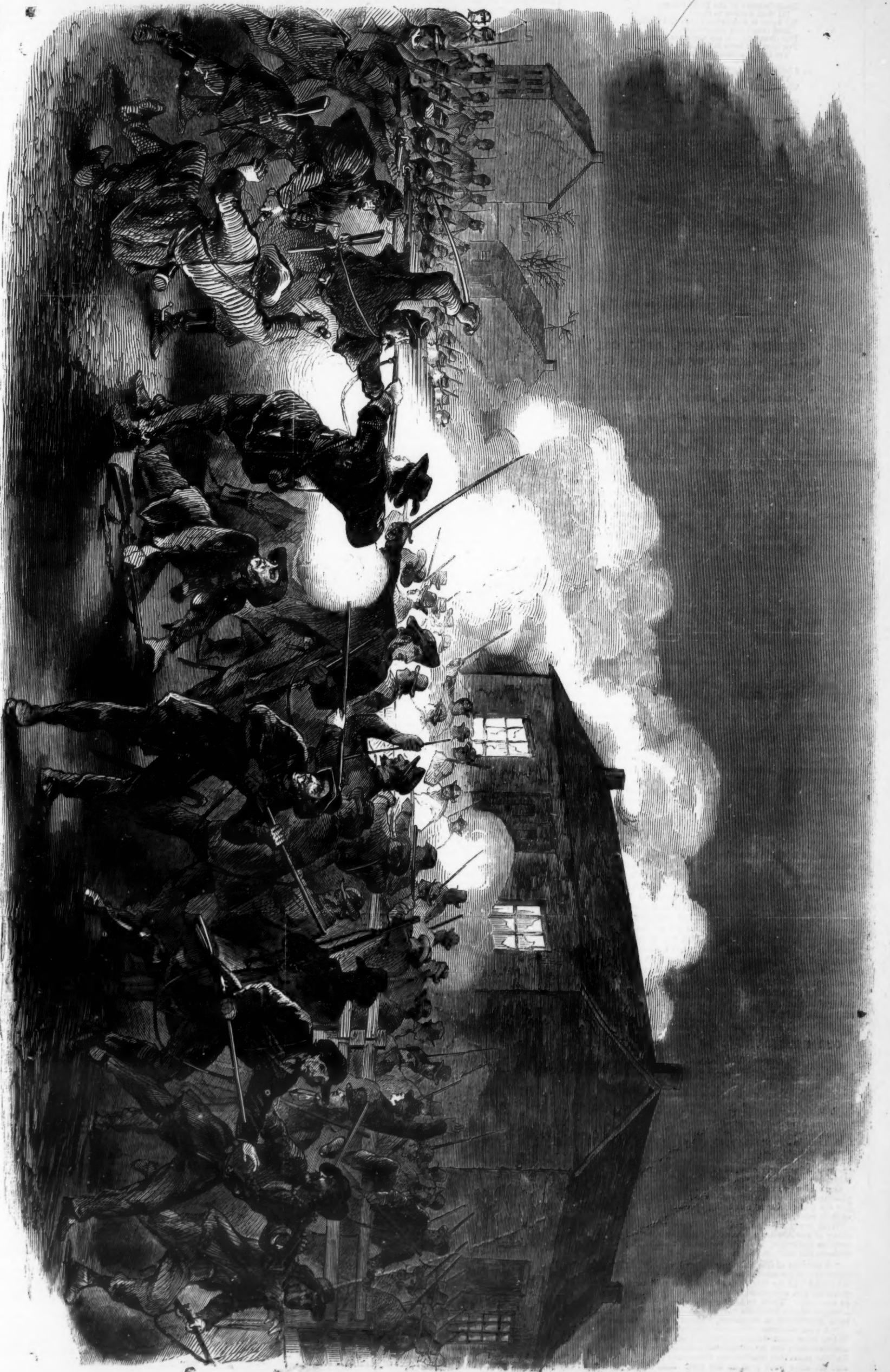
"Within the b but few evidenc floors, and the h ling to dust. It of ancient engin many feet in li shells and lime ry, and with p resist a long al bloodshed gener battlements it w or English; af Stripes, followe now the ensign it. When we r rolling huge blo it. Entrance to which leads to floor, rotten an ments of this c heavy timber, w summit of the t spring of water, timber and mas the walls, and much decayed, fallen in dur contained, wh walls are pierce shooters are se can be held for

Sinking Ves

Our readers v sent paper, th up the port of sinking vessels object of prote by Com. Tatna to the city.

This fort, w War of Indep sions of which mile in breadt

THE CAMPAIGN IN MISSOURI—NIGHT ATTACK ON THE NATIONAL FORCES UNDER MAJOR LOWEN, OCCUPYING SALEM, DEPT. COUNTY, MISSOURI, BY THE REBEL FORCES UNDER COL. FETTERMAN, DECEMBER 2—BLOODY REPUTATION OF THE REBELS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST ATTACHED TO GEN. HALLER'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 86.



ZAGONYI.

BY GEORGE H. BOKER.

BOLD Captain of the Body Guard,
I'll troll a stave to thee!
My voice is somewhat harsh and hard,
And rough my minstrelsy.
I've cheered until my throat is sore
For how our boys at Beaufort bore;
Yet here's a cheer for thee!

I hear thy jingling spurs and reins,
Thy sabre at thy knee;
The blood runs lighter through my veins
As I before me see
Thy hundred men, with thrusts and blows,
Ride down a thousand stubborn foes,
The foremost led by thee.

With pistol snap and rifle crack—
More salvos fired to honor thee—
Ye plunge, and stamp, and shoot, and hack
The way your swords made free;
Then back again—the path is wide
This time. Ye gods! it was a ride,
The ride they took with thee!

No guardman of the whole command
Halts, quails, or turns to flee;
With bloody spur and steady hand
They gallop where they see
Thy leading plume stream out ahead
O'er flying, wounded, dying, dead—
They can but follow thee.

So, Captain of the Body Guard,
I pledge a health to thee!
I hope to see thy shoulders starred,
My Paladin; and we
Shall laugh at fortune in the fray,
Whenever you lead your well-known way
To death or victory!

BLOODY SKIRMISH AT SALEM, DENT CO., MO.,
ON THE MORNING OF DECEMBER 3.

OUR artist in Missouri, under date of Rolla, Dec. 5th, gives us the following account of a severe skirmish at Salem, Missouri, of which he has also sent us a spirited illustration:

"During the entire summer, Rolla and the adjoining counties have been infested by the rebel Colonel Freeman at the head of a band of marauders. He ceased his depredations and fell back with the rest of the Secession army, when Fremont marched to Springfield; but since the return of our army he has again appeared, and has been constantly on the watch, at a safe distance from the main body of our forces, depending on the rapidity and secrecy of his movements for safety. On the 3d December, at four o'clock A. M., while Company A of Ellis's Cavalry were enjoying their morning's sleep around a bright fire in an old frame house in Salem, their dreams of security were suddenly interrupted by the noise of breaking windows and the discharge of squirrel rifles and shot guns, which awoke them to consciousness and the disagreeable fact that they were surrounded by Freeman and his men. Major Bowen, with 125 men of Ellis's Cavalry, Gen. Wyman's brigade stationed at Rolla, 25 miles distant, had occupied Salem for several days; his men were quartered in different houses of the town, and his pickets were placed on all approaches. Freeman, with 400 men, leaving his horses outside the pickets, had crawled through the bushes between them, and suddenly pounced upon the Nationals. Company A was in a 'bad fix'; it attempted to dash out, but every trial showed the utter hopelessness of a 'sortie,' and its members had to content themselves with dodging the balls and awaiting further developments, taking good care in the meantime not to allow a too close approach to the windows. Company B, quartered in the Court-house at a short distance, hearing the firing, rushed out, formed behind the building, and not waiting to saddle their horses, charged as infantry.

"Sneaking upon an enemy at night is very good policy if you succeed in catching him while he still sleeps; but if he should wake up in time he is generally in the maddest and most ferocious humor, and doubly dangerous. Col. Freeman found this to be the fact. Company B pitched into his men like savages, slashing right and left, and pouring volleys of pistol and carbine shots into the crowd, which blocked up the street and filled the yard around the house in a thick confused mass. Their superior numbers were only an impediment, and when another company, which was in an adjoining stable, broke loose upon them, and Company A commenced to get out of the house, while Company D having mounted its horses came clattering down the street with a wild warwhoop, they had to seek safety in flight.

"When daylight came and we counted the damage, we found that our loss was four killed and a good many slightly wounded. We also found six of the enemy in the street, and learned from some prisoners that 40 of their number were missing. All our men fought with the utmost bravery and steadiness, and the officers insist that no names be mentioned where all did so well. This night surprise and skirmish is a good specimen of the independent fights which happen constantly all over this State, and I am glad that I succeeded in getting a sketch of one of them, as I hope to change my field of action shortly, and to get out of this state of misery and scrub oaks."

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE BLACK HOLE IN
WASHINGTON.

HAVING commented editorially upon the cruelties practised in Washington jail on a number of prisoners, whose sole offence is their color, we have only to add, in explanation of our illustrations, that, in obedience to the resolution of the Senate, Marshal Lamont presented, on Thursday, his report, which shows that 170 of the prisoners have been committed under a charge of some criminal offence, these being white and black. All but six have been committed within the present year, and those in the latter part of last year. Besides these, 14 whites have been committed under military authority for insubordination and violation of the rules of war. All the rest of the prisoners, 51 in number, are persons of color, committed as runaway slaves, excepting five for "safe keeping."

Our readers will perceive from our illustrations that such atrocities place us almost upon a level with the King of Dahomey, whose system has the great advantage of being speedier in putting the victims out of their misery.

With every wish to avoid the sickly sentiment into which too many of our Abolition journals fall, when descending upon their pet subject, the negro, it is impossible to read such passages as these without the sternest indignation:

"A number of free and slave colored women are here to be found, incarcerated for months on trifling charges of theft, on mere suspicion, who have had no trial. Their cases should be investigated. One grinning girl was asked why she was in prison. 'I dunno; murder or sum'thin. Them two other girls is in, too.' The doctor said that a negro woman had been murdered somewhere, and three girls had been imprisoned on suspicion, without a shadow of proof.

"A poor skeleton creature was dying from a cancer on the thigh. It had been cauterized repeatedly, and her sufferings were constant and extreme; yet no additional comforts were provided her. She had the same thin mattress on the stone floor, the same thin blanket, and the same poor food as the rest. And this applied to all except

two poor fugitives, who entered the prison strong and well, but were now confined together in a small cell without fire—one with typhus and the other totally helpless with pneumonia. In addition to their one blanket and hard mattress, they were each allowed a cot.

"On leaving the colored women, we remarked that we would endeavor to procure them a trial. 'God Almighty thank you, sir! Thank God! thank God!' was the reply. 'Good-bye, sir! God bless you, sir!'

Some of the cases are peculiarly flagitious—among them is Harriet Wilson, a neat and respectable colored woman, aged 45. She was brought to Washington by Ex-Senator Morton, of Florida, now a rebel officer, and has been coolly placed in this Black Hole by his wife, till the rebellion shall be over, when she boldly proclaims she means to reclaim her. Mrs. Morton has escaped to the Confederate States. Comment is superfluous. Caroline West, a colored girl, belonging to John H. Low, a rebel, is also imprisoned. Her master beat her violently, and she ran away. She was arrested at Washington by the authorities, and has been here ever since.

One of our Artist's sketches represents a great outrage upon humanity, leaving justice entirely out of the question—it is the fellowship of the witness and the criminal. Here in the same cell is confined a young and ingenuous female with a hardened offender! Here in the same cell is the woman who is to take her trial for an offence, which her companion and "fellow-prisoner" is to prove! Here is no difference shown between the innocent and the guilty, but a diabolical effort made to convert the former into a criminal herself. Has Austrian or Neapolitan despotism anything worse to show?

The Philadelphia *Enquirer* gives the following description of the lazar-house, in which 20 are confined. It is 20 feet square, and has a hot stove in it. One of the poor witnesses says, "My head is hot—my tongue is parched—my sufferings are almost unspeakable—as early morning creeps on the fire dies out—and the cold air is painful from the reaction." Some of them have not had a change of clothes for eight months, and many more for three. Dr. Duhamel says that it is with the utmost difficulty that he keeps down typhus by constant fumigations, whitewashing and a distribution of chloride of lime. There are also other details which we do not go into. Sufficient to say, that the existence of this pest-house should not be tolerated for another day.

Some of these unhappy slaves are as nearly white as possible, and were, doubtless, the children of some unnatural planter, whose humanity has been crushed, like his loyalty, by that odious system which he proclaims to be "divine." With such revelations to guide us, who can doubt what direction the conflict ought to take and where it will end? Justice must be done, even though the pet institution of our half-breed politicians should perish.

Congressional Summary.

MONDAY, December 9.—In the Senate, the Committee on Military Affairs was instructed to inquire and report what reduction may be made in the expenses of the Army. An inquiry was also directed as to the possibility of furnishing greater facilities to soldiers for sending home their pay. The Military Committee was instructed to inquire into the expediency of appointing a Joint Committee of the two Houses of Congress, who shall have power to retire improper officers of the army and navy. A bill establishing a new military and mail route between Washington and Baltimore was referred to the Military Committee, as was a bill to increase the number of cadets at West Point. The death of Colonel Baker was then announced, and the rest of the session was devoted to fitting eulogies of his life and character.

In the House, another bill to forfeit the property and slaves of rebels was presented by Mr. Bingham, of Ohio, and referred to the Judiciary Committee. A resolution recognizing the services of the late General Lyon was presented by Mr. Blair, of Missouri, and passed, after some discussion. Mr. Blair also introduced a bill to punish treason, to provide more effectually for the collection of taxes, to remunerate loyal citizens for the loss of property, and to provide homesteads for soldiers, which was referred to the Judiciary Committee. The resolutions introduced by Mr. Lansing on Monday last, in effect censuring General Halleck for his order excluding fugitive slaves from within his lines, were taken up, and after a lengthy debate, in which it was proved that General Halleck was not actuated by the improper motives attributed to him by the radical Republicans, they were laid on the table—78 to 64. The Committee on Foreign Affairs was directed to inquire into the expediency of recognizing the independence of Hayti and Liberia.

TUESDAY, Dec. 10.—In the Senate, petitions for the emancipation of slaves under the war power were presented by Messrs. Fessenden, of Maine, and Sumner, of Massachusetts. A resolution for the expulsion of Waldo P. Johnson, member of the Senate, from Missouri, was presented by Mr. Foot, of Vermont, and laid over. A bill authorizing the President to acquire territory for the settlement of free persons of African descent was introduced by Mr. Harlan, of Iowa, and referred to the Committee on Public Lands.

In the House, the Attorney-General was requested to give his views as to the means necessary to obtain a retrocession of that portion of Virginia formerly belonging to the District of Columbia. A bill was reported from the Committee on Public Lands, containing a homestead clause similar to one passed in the House during the last session, and extending its provisions to soldiers, marines and seamen; and a section giving a bounty of \$30 to the three months' Volunteers. Consideration of the bill was postponed until next Wednesday. The resolution from the Senate, for a Joint Committee to inquire into the conduct of the present war, was concurred in. Mr. Pendleton, of Ohio, in reference to a memorial from members of the old Baltimore Police Board, moved a declaration by Congress against the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus by any other power, and made a speech in support of such declaration. His arguments were refuted by Mr. Bingham, his colleague, and the subject was tabled, 108 to 20.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 11.—In the Senate, a number of petitions and memorials were presented. The Marshal of the District of Columbia was requested to inform the Senate by what authority he keeps slaves in jail because they are refractory. The resolution of inquiry into the conduct of the District of Columbia, from Missouri, was presented by Mr. Foot, of Vermont, and laid over. A bill authorizing the President to acquire territory for the settlement of free persons of African descent was introduced by Mr. Harlan, of Iowa, and referred to the Committee on Public Lands.

In the House, a resolution was reported from the Committee on Military Affairs and passed, which directs the President to inaugurate systematic measures for the exchange of prisoners. The Committee on Foreign Affairs was instructed to inquire into the expediency of furnishing relief to the starving population of Ireland. A bill was reported from the Committee on Military Affairs, which authorizes the raising of a volunteer force for the better defence of Kentucky. Mr. Lovejoy, of Illinois, introduced a joint resolution, requesting the Secretary of War to revoke a portion of one of Gen. Halleck's orders, excluding slaves from the National lines in Missouri. An attempt was made to table it, but it failed by six votes. Mr. Lovejoy called for the previous question, when a call was made for an adjournment, which also failed. Mr. Lovejoy then accepted a substitute offered by Mr. Lansing, of New York, which requests the President to direct Gen. Halleck to recall his order, on the ground that it does not conform to the general practice in the army, and further consideration of the subject was postponed. The Committee on the District of Columbia was directed to make further inquiries relative to the fugitive slaves confined in Washington jail. Mr. Conkling, of New York, introduced a bill to subject certain persons to military trial and punishment—it covers the cases of fraudulent speculators, etc.; it was referred to the Judiciary Committee. A number of other bills was introduced, among them one by Mr. Gurley, of Ohio, to confiscate the property of rebels and liberate their slaves. The resolution of Mr. Webster, of New York, instructing the Committee on Roads and Canals to inquire into the expediency of establishing a railway from New York to Washington, via the Central Railroad, was adopted.

THURSDAY, Dec. 12.—In the Senate, the proceedings were quite unimportant, relating chiefly to the propriety of abolishing sutlers in the army. We decidedly think this would be an admirable move; they are the robbers and leeches of the army, sometimes swallowing up the whole pay of the soldier. One of the charges against a distinguished officer is, that he charges the sutlers \$100 a month for the privilege of swindling the men.

In the House, Mr. Blair, of Missouri, read a letter from Gen. Halleck, in his further vindication from the charges made against him on the fugitive slave question, and Mr. Lovejoy, of Illinois, disclaimed any intention of wronging Gen. Halleck. The bill authorizing the raising of a volunteer force for the better protection of Kentucky, was reported from the Committee on Military Affairs, and debated at considerable length, but its consideration was finally postponed until Monday, and the special order was taken up, viz., the various propositions involving the question of emancipating the slaves of rebels. Speeches were made by Mr. Eliot, of Massachusetts, Mr. Steele, of New York, and Mr. Conway, of Kansas. In the course of his remarks, Mr. Conway asserted that not a battle had been fought in which the National arms had been unquestionably successful, and characterized the result of the battle of Belmont as a defeat. Mr. Fouke, of Illinois, objected to this view of the matter, and pronounced it false. Mr. Conway was inclined to regard this as a personal remark, but Mr. Fouke having left the hall, nothing came of it, and the house adjourned till Monday.

GEN. PATTERSON.—"Speech is silver, silence golden," is an old Arabian proverb, which we would commend to Gen. Patterson, through our correspondent "James W—" of Philadelphia. The labored attempt of the General to exculpate his conduct in the Shenandoah Valley, before the 1st City Troop of Philadelphia, we are sorry to say, was not successful. The nation holds him proximately responsible for the disaster of Bull Run; and how he, and McCauley, and Stone have escaped a Court Martial is one of those mysteries which the future may explain, but which the nation cannot fathom. We are glad to see that Congress proposes to investigate the Bull Run affair, and we hope that Gen. Patterson and his friends will favor the inquiry. If he be the brave man and competent officer which his friends claim, he will have nothing to fear, and much to gain in the way of relief from an odium as widespread as it is deep. We shall be glad to know of his complete vindication.

FRANK LESLIE'S MONTHLY.—The December number of this "Queen of the Monthlies," contains, as usual, a great amount of good reading, including many capital stories. So great is the variety, and so well chosen the articles, that all tastes are suited, whether they crave the solid, substantial and useful, or the light, attractive and graceful; the votary of science will not turn away disappointed, while the lover of the wild and romantic, the picturesque and beautiful may have his fill. In the fashionable world this work, or one portion of it, is regarded as an established authority. A host of beautiful creations will be found in the present number, which will commend themselves to ladies of good taste. With a bountiful provision in its numerous departments, and uniting as it does the advantages of two periodicals, it is one of the cheapest works published, and needs only to be known to be patronized. Published by Frank Leslie, No. 19 City Hall Square, New York, at \$3 a year.—*Eastern Mail*, Waterville, Maine.

WE have received No. 7, Vol. I., of the "Camp Kettle," published "every opportunity," by the Roundhead Regiment, Hilton Head, South Carolina. It says that its list of subscribers in the interior of the State "is not as large as it should be," but hopes to make some "pointed appeals" soon to the citizens of Charleston and Savannah. The "Camp Kettle" doesn't brag on its amplitude, being exactly the size of a sheet of note paper, but says that is not its fault, and that "if somebody don't send us a supply of paper, we shall start a paper-mill of our own, and work up the cotton crops into 'Camp Kettles,' and put all 'Secession' into a stew for 'our mess.'"

FOR THE GOBEMOUCHE.—The capacity for gulling and being gulled receives its highest illustration in the city article of the *London Times* of November 28th. It seems that the United States Government has lately made in England extensive purchases, 1,600 tons or more, of saltpetre, the essential constituent of gunpowder—naturally enough, one would suppose, considering the quantities of the article we are using. But the city editor aforesaid sees in this circumstance an "intentional outrage" on Great Britain. "How?" asks the astonished reader. On the hypothesis that President Lincoln intends to deprive England of the means of making gunpowder, and while in this helpless condition batter her brains out! When such rubbish is gravely printed in the leading newspaper of England, how abject must be the stuff retailed by the minor sheets!

HOLIDAY TIMES—RARE GIFTS IN PLATE, PORCELAIN, &c.—Every one at this festive season is searching for something rich and beautiful or simple and elegant, to present to some beloved friend, or to adorn the parlors during the season of holiday excitement and family reunions. The question is where to go to get the best advantage; and, without wishing to be invidious, we suggest Bassford's, in the Cooper Institute, where the selection in plate, china, bric-a-brac and choice articles of vertu is of the most varied and beautiful description, and at prices suited to the times. A walk through Bassford's extensive establishment is as amusing and instructive as a visit to an art gallery, with this advantage that all tastes and all wants can there be satisfied. Our friends should pay it a visit.

KENTUCKY AND IRELAND.—The following resolutions of the State of Kentucky, signed by the proper officials, were transmitted to Senator Powell, and by him presented to the Senate, and referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations:

"Resolved by the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Kentucky, That in view of the want and famine impending over Ireland, and of our sense of humanity and of gratitude to her brave sons who, by thousands, are perilling their lives on the battle-field of liberty, in defence of our Government in this time of its trial, that our Senators in Congress be instructed, and our Representatives requested, to use all constitutional means in their power for the immediate relief of that distressed land by appropriate action.

"Resolved, That the Governor forward a copy of this resolution to our Senators and Representatives in Congress with all convenient dispatch."

SOUTHERN ITEMS.

It will be seen from the following passages from the late message of Governor Rector, of Arkansas, that "our foreign fellow-citizens" in Dixie, are not as enthusiastic for the rebel cause as its leaders desire. He says: "It is probable that the troops now in the field will meet present emergencies, while it may be safely calculated that a much larger number will have to go into service before Spring. I beg to recommend that the executive authorities be authorized to organize two 'class regiments'—one of Germans and their immediate descendants, and another of Irish and their immediate descendants. These people, though brave and patriotic, have been deterred from entering the army, mainly because for them there was little chance for promotion. If I should be mistaken, however, in the causes that have deterred them, then authority ought to be given to draft a regiment from each class. It is not a wise or just government which, in a war like this, taxes native blood and energy alone, leaving the foreign born at home reaping the fruits of dear bought victories."

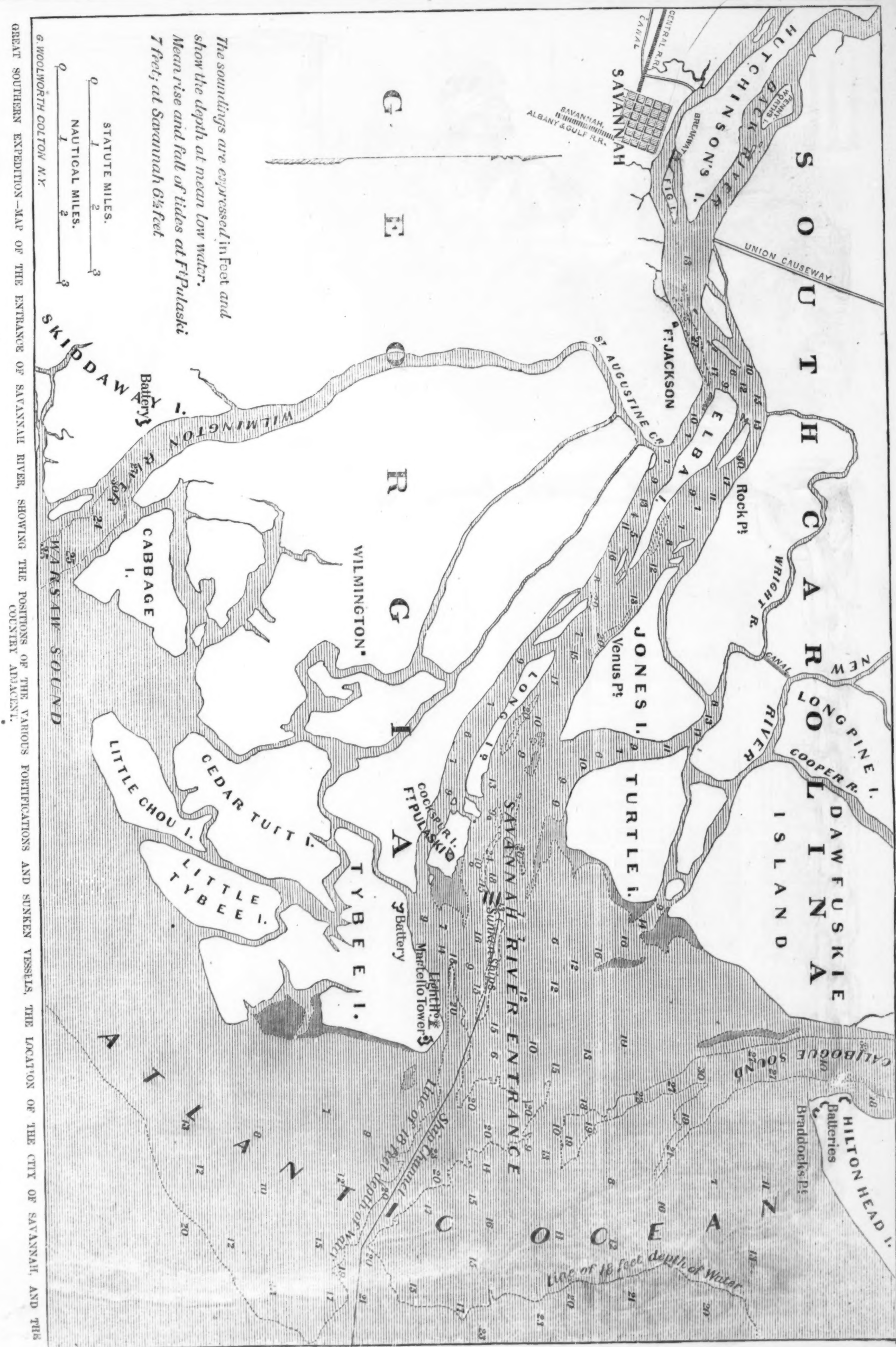
THE Memphis (Tenn.) *Avant-courier* has lately become more rabid than usual, which is unnecessary. It demands the raising of the "black flag" in the following mild language: "We unhesitatingly say that the cause of justice, that the cause of humanity itself, demands that the black flag shall be unfurled on every field—that extermination and death shall be proclaimed against the hellish miscreants who persist in polluting our soil with their crimes. We will stop the effusion of blood, we will arrest the horrors of war by terrific slaughter of the foe, by examples of overwhelming and unsparing vengeance. When Oliver Cromwell massacred the garrison of Drogheda, suffering not a man to escape, he justified it on the ground that his object was to bring the war to a close—to stop the effusion of blood—and that it was therefore a merciful act on his part. The South can afford no longer to trifle—she must strike the most fearful blows—the war cry of extermination must be raised."

A LETTER from Charleston, dated November 23d, and addressed to a lady in Philadelphia, is published in the *Inquirer*. After alluding to the wide-spread fear of a servile outbreak, the writer proceeds: "No general insurrection has taken place, though several revolts have been attempted; two quite recently, and in these cases whole families were murdered before the slaves were subdued. Then came retaliation of the most fearful character. At any time where servants assault or murder white persons, speedy and severe punishment is administered; but now they do not wait for the action of the law; Lynch law prevails. In these revolts, which occurred in the interior of the State, most of the servants who participated were either shot in the conflict or as soon as captured, and two of them were burned to death."

At a meeting of the Memphis, Tennessee, Chamber of Commerce on the 23d of November, it was resolved to recommend "to the Legislature now in session, the importance to all classes of the community, that the Bank of Tennessee should issue, as early as practicable, bills of fifty and twenty-five cents, the first an inch shorter than ordinary bank bills, and the last two inches shorter. That in order to simplify the system, no other denominations be allowed, the Chamber feeling confident in the belief that no difficulty need be apprehended of want of change smaller than a quarter of a dollar."

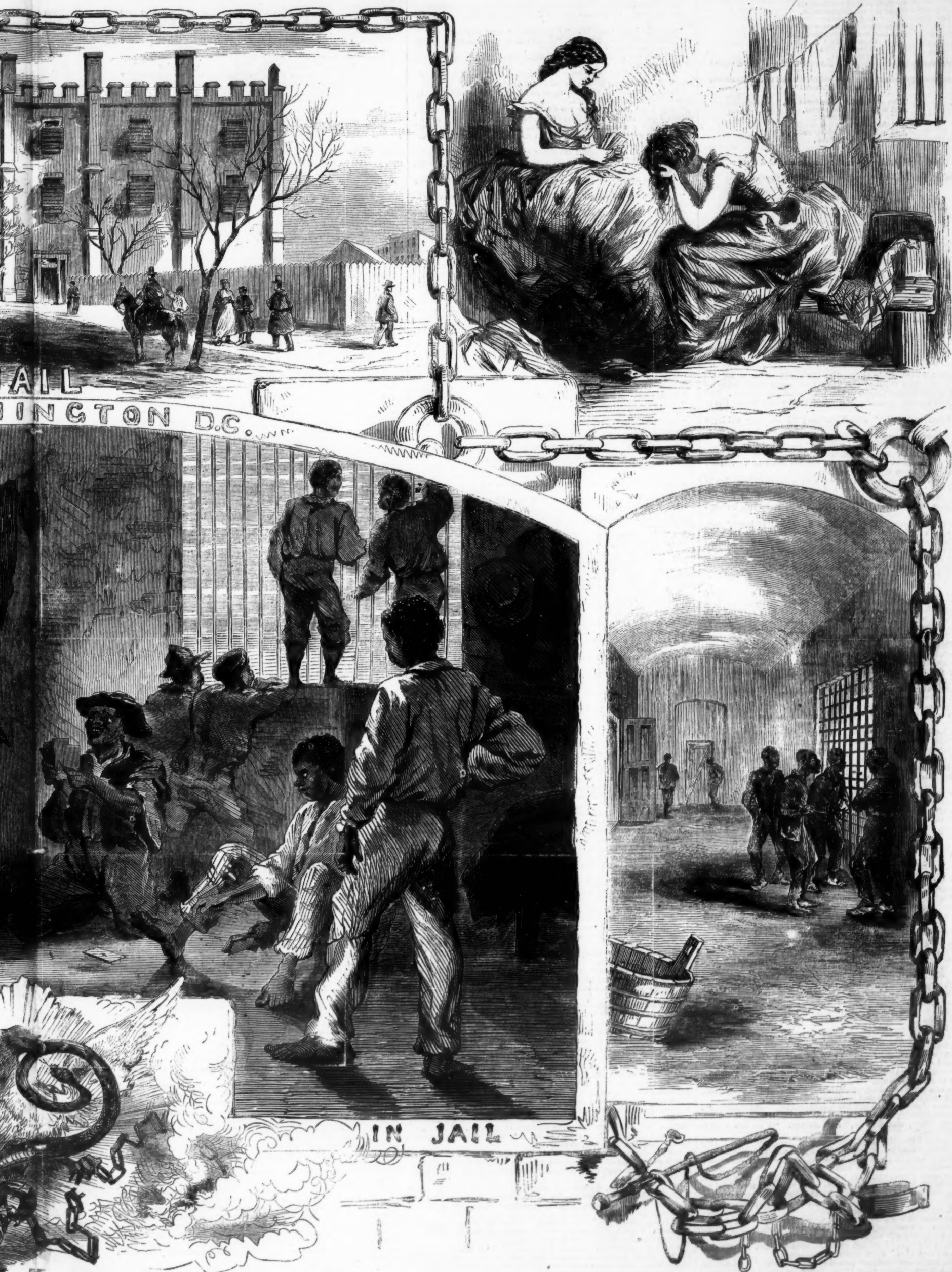
THE *Norfolk Day Book* has a dispatch from Charleston, dated Wednesday, the 11th December, stating that a fire had broken out in Charleston, and was then raging; it was supposed to have been the work of incendiaries. The theatre and some of the public buildings in Broad street were reported as burnt.

THE *Charleston Courier*, of Dec. 9th, says that a detachment of Beaufort artillery destroyed 700 bales of cotton and 700 bushels of corn on one plantation at that place on the Wednesday night previous, and applied the torch to the cotton of 12 other plantations. The same paper announces the capture of the Swedish bark *Minora* by the blockading fleet.





Teacher Morton's Washerwoman.
Gateway of Corridor.



The Witness and Criminal.
Corridor of Jail.

CARMEN BELLICOSUM.

In their ragged regimentals
Stood the old Continentals,
Yielding not:
When the Grenadiers were lunging,
And like hail fell the plunging
Cannon shot;
Of the files
From the smoky night encampment bore the banner of the rampant
Unicorn,
And grimmer, grimmer, grimmer, rolled the roll of the drummer,
Through the morn!

Then with eyes to the front all,
And with guns horizontal,
Stood our sires;
And the balls whistled deadly,
And in streams flashing redly,
Blazed the fires;
As the roar
On the shore
Swept the strong battle breakers o'er the green sodded acres
Of the plain;
And louder, louder, louder, cracked the black gunpowder,
Cracked again!

Then the old fashioned colonel
Galloped through the white infernal
Powder cloud;
And his broad sword was swinging
And his brazen throat was ringing
Trumpet loud,
Then the blue
Bullets flew,
And the trooper jackets reddened at the touch of the leaden
Rifle breath,
And rounder, rounder, rounder, roared the iron six-pounder,
Hurling death.

LIVING OR DEAD?

A Story Founded upon Fact.

CHAPTER XII.

VICTORINE felt excessively annoyed at the result of her morning's adventure with Lord Wilcox; and when Arthur sent Grace to say he wanted her, she did not hasten to him with her usual alacrity. She was irritated beyond measure, and could hardly help letting Grace see it.

"I will come presently," said Victorine; "I am busy writing a letter."

"But Arthur wants you," said Grace.

"Well, he must wait till I have finished," was the reply.

"Arthur wait, did you say, Victorine?" she asked, for Grace was becoming as exigent as her brother, the natural result of Victorine's compliance with every whim and caprice.

"Yes, of course," replied Victorine, with a shade of irritation in her manner. "I thought the rule had always been for the gentleman to wait upon the lady, not the lady upon the gentleman."

"But poor Arthur is so ill," said Grace; "he is no rule for anybody."

"This visit to town has done him a great deal of harm," said Victorine, quickly. "His brain is not strong enough for the whirl and excitement of London. I wish heartily he were safe home again—for his own sake, that is to say," she added, as if afraid of going too far.

"He says he is not willing to go without you, Victorine."

"Ah, well," said Victorine, "we must talk that over by-and-by. His health is the principal thing just now to be considered."

"What an odd thing it is that he keeps seeing that dead woman over and over again," said Grace. "How do you account for it?"

"It is the disordered state of his nerves," replied Victorine, who had taken up her pen and was continuing to write. "Such things are not unfrequent, only they seldom happen to come under our notice. It will yield to time and management."

"I wish it would," said Grace. "I don't like him to be in this queer way. I am so afraid he should go mad."

Victorine dropped her pen, and exclaimed,

"Dear Grace, how you startle me! I wish you would not say such out of the way things."

"Because we had an uncle once, who went mad," said Grace, "and was shut up in a—"

"I will not hear it!" said Victorine, hastily. "It is too bad to interrupt me in this manner. Tell Arthur I am writing a letter, will you?"

"Yes, I will tell him. But what a scent of musk there is in this corner," said Grace. "One would almost think that Lord—"

"Oh, nothing of the kind," said Victorine. "I scented my handkerchief with it, that's all."

"But it seems to come out of this closet," said Grace, going into it with her nose in the air. "Dear me! It is enough to knock you down."

"Now go, Grace, there's a good girl—do go," said Victorine.

"I wonder you don't have this place turned out, and regularly seen to," said Grace, delighted to get a survey of the closet; "it is quite shameful the state it is in! But then, servants are all alike, all the world over. I wish you would let me have a bout of setting to rights. I could do it before you were up in the morning."

"No, thank you; certainly not," replied Victorine, laughing.

"And here is a cobweb—a cobweb ever so big!" cried Grace, coming out with a face of alarm. "Good gracious, I feel all over spiders!"

"And beetles, too, if you don't mind," said Victorine, quietly.

"You had better go and deliver my message to Arthur."

"Arthur!" cried Grace, bursting into the drawing-room, "Arthur, you cannot imagine what a dirty place that library is! I wonder any one can be found to sit in it a minute—a single minute. Why there is—"

"Is Victorine coming?" asked Arthur, cutting her short.

"Yes, directly," replied Grace; "she is writing a letter. But I was going to tell you—"

"I am glad to hear that. She is writing a letter, then," said Arthur, as if his mind were set at ease.

"Oh, yes; but how she can in that library! You cannot see out of the window—actually not see out of it," said Grace; "and there is such a closet!"

"What about the closet?" asked Arthur, quickly.

"Oh, it is in such a state," she replied; "great cobwebs ever so big, and spiders, and beetles, and nobody knows what. Well, how London ladies can—"

"How came you in the closet, pray?" asked Arthur.

"Oh, because there was such a horrid smell of musk, that I wanted to find out where it came from. Victorine said it was her handkerchief, but I did not believe it."

"You ought to have believed it then," said Arthur. "You have no right to doubt her word."

This was a little bit of unreasonableness on Arthur's part, since, only half an hour ago, he had inclined to doubt it himself.

"Because I know it was not her handkerchief," said Grace. "I have a nose, Arthur, as well as you," she added, roughly.

"There, Grace, that will do," said Arthur. "I do not wish to hear any more."

"Of course I thought Lord Wilcox might have been there," continued Grace, whose temper was getting up, like a stiff breeze at sea; "that lord is hand in glove with her now. I know very well how it will end—any one may see that with half an eye."

Arthur made no answer. He was busy finishing a little sketch, and he wished, by holding his peace, to be saved the trouble of requesting Grace to leave the room, his last resource in extreme cases. Unpleasant, it is true, but absolutely necessary. But Grace could not keep the game up by herself.

"They were shut up in the library ever so long this morning," said Grace; "I know they were, for I saw them go in."

"It is false, Grace!" exclaimed Arthur. "You did not."

"I did, I tell you. I peeped over the banister, and saw them go in with my own eyes," cried Grace, triumphantly.

"I will not accept evidence gained so dishonorably," said Arthur, turning, however, rather pale. "So, Grace, it comes to this, either you must leave the room, or I do."

"You may, then," said Grace. "I am not going to be hunted

from pillar to post, just because you will not believe me; and I saw—"

But Arthur got up and left the room, his sketch standing unfinished by the window. In the hall he met Victorine, and was going to pass her.

"Stay, Arthur," said she. "I am quite at your service now."

"Thank you," said Arthur. "I should be sorry to encroach too much on your time."

"What is the matter?" said Victorine, astonished at the coldness of his manner.

"There is nothing the matter," he replied. "I am going out for a walk." And again he attempted to pass her.

"Going by yourself, and looking so pale! Pray do not think of it," said Victorine, detaining him.

"You have indulged me too much already, Victorine, and the sooner I get back my old habits of independence the better," replied Arthur, in the same cold, severe tone. "Good-morning to you."

And disengaging himself quietly, but resolutely, he quitted the house in a paroxysm of jealousy.

"It is your doing, Grace, I am sure; and I insist on knowing what you have said!" cried Victorine, appearing in the drawing-room, with flashing eyes and crimson cheeks.

Grace had never seen her so excited before, and she was terribly frightened.

"I? when? what do you mean?" she stammered, very much confused.

"You have done something, or said something, and Arthur is gone off in the most excited state. And I insist upon knowing! I will have no stabs in the dark!" cried Victorine, passionately.

"I said nothing—when do you mean? I have been sitting quietly here, mending my stockings. It is no good your going on at me. I know nothing about it," said Grace, weakly.

"What have you just now been saying to Arthur?" continued Victorine. "He was very well a minute ago, and he has seen no one but you. I am not a person to be trifled with, Grace. What was it?"

"Arthur is in a queer way, and you know as well as I do what freaks he takes into his head," said Grace, almost crying with fear. "I dare say he will be all right when he comes back."

"That is no answer," said Victorine. "You said something about the closet; I can see it in your face."

"Well, and if I did," said Grace; "I only said it was dirty, or something of that sort, and that it smelt of musk, and was full of spiders."

"Only that?" said Victorine.

"No, only that, indeed," cried Grace, taking a little heart.

"Nothing else at all."

"Nothing about Lord Wilcox?" said Victorine.

"Only that he always smells of musk, too," replied Grace. "You know he does, Victorine."

"And you did not couple his name with mine in any way?" said Victorine.

Grace was silent.

"Come, speak out," continued Victorine; "did you?"

"I only said—I did not mean to offend anybody, I am sure," replied Grace, humbly, "especially you, Victorine—but I only said I thought I saw you and Lord Wilcox go into the library. I was coming down-stairs at that very moment, and could not help seeing you."

"And you listened at the door?" said Victorine.

"No, no, Victorine," said Grace, blushing scarlet, and more than ever confused. "Indeed, I could not hear a word you were saying."

"You did listen, then?" interrupted Victorine.

Grace trembled violently. She had never seen Victorine look so terrible. The calm, handsome face was changed into that of a fury. The eyes were fierce in their expression of rage. Grace was in for it now, and how she should get out of the scrape was past her comprehension. She would gladly have sunk into the earth.

"Now, Grace, listen to me," said Victorine, in a tone of suppressed passion; "if you dare, on any pretext whatever, to meddle or make strife between Arthur and me, or to watch and pry, or do anything of the kind, you will make me your deadliest enemy, and I will take my revenge, be you where you may or what you may. So, now, is it to be peace or war?"

"I am sure I am the most innocent person in the world, and never meant any harm to anybody," cried Grace, utterly confounded, and braving into tears. "I do not want to be any one's enemy—I—"

"There—that is enough. And if I hear a single word—and Arthur will repeat everything you say to me, then—why—you shall see what it is to trifle with me and my happiness!" said Victorine, passionately.

Grace began to bluster and protest, but Victorine turned from her with an expression of contempt, and left her to mend her stockings, and patch up the piece of mischief she had concocted as best she could.

Quite enough had been said. Grace was too great a coward ever to venture on the same game again. She would stand in mortal dread of Victorine ever after; and as for Arthur, there was a rod in pickle for her there. Grace felt quite in the wars that day. Victorine was in the wars as well, and had a pretty considerable piece of diplomacy to effect before the breach could be healed. But Arthur, contrary to Victorine's expectations, and Grace's too, came home in very good spirits, and having quite overcome his jealous fit.

"Pshaw!" he had thought to himself as he walked along, "am I a man to be so disturbed by a piece of idle mischief-making? Grace has always been my tormentor. But Victorine—what right have I to doubt her word?—to accept such dishonorable evidence? No, indeed! I will behave as if I had not heard it. Poor Victorine! I owe her sufficient apology for my rudeness." So Arthur came back in one of his best and kindest moods, and went instantly in search of Victorine.

"Dear Victorine," said he, "will you forgive me? I have been a very monster of cruelty and injustice."

Victorine held herself back a little. It was more polite not to be won all in a moment. She had prepared a whole array of smiles and becks to win him back, but now she threw a veil of coldness over them, and drew herself up, the very picture of a wronged woman.

"What am I to do to prevail on you to forgive me?" said Arthur, greatly distressed.

"I can forgive you easily enough; to forget is the difficulty," replied Victorine, coldly.

"But you will forget too," said Arthur; "you are so kind and generous. I know my offence has been heinous, but I will do my utmost to banish it from your memory. Give me your hand, dearest."

Victorine gave it him, but without the slightest pressure. He kissed it affectionately and said, "Do not let the sun go down on your wrath, Victorine."

"I am not angry, only hurt," she replied. "I did not deserve it, for I have tried to do my duty to you as far as I am able."

"So you have," said Arthur; "you have been an angel of goodness to me. I should never find your equal in the world, Victorine."

"And yet you have almost driven me away from you," said Victorine, a tear trembling in her eye. "I had made up my mind a few minutes ago to start off and visit a friend in Dorsetshire. If I had you would never have seen me again."

"Yes, I should," said Arthur. "I should have followed you into Dorsetshire, or any other shore in the three kingdoms."

"But you would not have been able to find me," said Victorine, half smiling, and allowing him to sit down by her side.

"Yes, I should. Trust me for that! I would not have come back until I had," cried Arthur, warmly.

"Ah! it is all very fine now," said Victorine; "but the next time that poor silly pop of a lord comes across you—and he is at the bottom of it, I know—you will be as unreasonable as ever. No, I think we had better—"

"Now, Victorine, do not say anything merciless," interrupted Arthur; "I will be as reasonable as possible. I will not even look jealous. You do not care for him, Victorine—that pop, I mean? How should you?"

"On my honor, no," she replied. "How could you suppose it, Arthur? What is there of him but his curls and his whiskers?"

"And his adjectives," said Arthur, laughing.

"And his scentbox," added Victorine, "I let him out through the library, as was the nearest way, and he was so frightened at you. You cannot think what a scent of musk he left behind him."

"You let him out through the library? Confound that Grace!" cried Arthur, aloud and passionately.

"Yes, did you not know that?" said Victorine. "I thought I

told you when you were hammering at the door. But I was just then so busy with a letter mamma told me to write to her solicitor—I dislike letters of business more than anything."

"Well, Victorine, I shall never hammer at the door again," said Arthur. "I am ashamed to think of it. But is Lord Wilcox really frightened at me? How truly ridiculous!"

"Terrified beyond measure!" she replied. "He thinks you are crazy."

"When does he come again?" asked Arthur.

"Never, I think," was the reply. "He is too much alarmed."

"Invite him to dinner, and I will do the civil to the utmost of my power," said Arthur in the plenitude of his good resolutions. "I do not like any one to think me crazy."

"And you will promise to behave well?" said Victorine.

"Admirably," replied Arthur. "And now let our peace be sealed, dearest." And their peace was sealed. We need not specify how.

CHAPTER XIII.

LORD WILCOX declined Mrs. Ferrars's polite invitation to dinner. But, as soon as he had sufficiently recovered from his alarm, he contrived several interviews with Victorine, when Arthur was out of the way. Victorine had fascinated him, and the more he saw of her the stronger the fascination became. No woman he had ever seen was, in his opinion, to be compared to her, except indeed the Venus he had caught a glimpse of at the opera-house, and who was too much associated in his mind with Arthur's frenzy to be remembered with any satisfaction. He diligently frequented every place of amusement where he thought Victorine might be present; and every time they met the syren bewitched him a little nearer. In fact, the affair was progressing as favorably as either Victorine or her mother could desire. The two ladies had occasional conversations on the subject, after their own fashion, and in their own language.

"I think poor dear Arthur is a great deal better," said Mrs. Ferrars one day. "The case looks really hopeful; does it not, Victorine?"

"Unless there should be a relapse," returned Victorine, who was sorting her German wools at the table where her mother was sitting. "Exactly," said Mrs. Ferrars; "unless there should be a relapse. But it is some time since he saw the phantom, or whatever else you please to call it. I am sure I am puzzled enough to give it a name."

"Only a fortnight since, mamma," returned Victorine. "It is quite too soon to talk of hopefulness yet."

"Well, my love, of course I wish to keep up your spirits," said her mother; "for as Lord Wilcox (a most excellent young nobleman he is, Victorine, and admires you extremely; though, of course, that is no matter at all as affairs stand at present)—as Lord Wilcox says, it is no slight charge to have a—"

"Lunatic, mamma?" interrupted Victorine.

"Well, my dear, those were his words," said Mrs. Ferrars, "only I was afraid of hurting your feelings. A—I need not say it again, you know—in the house."

"And did you drop a hint of my—I need not say the word either," said Victorine, smiling that exceedingly disagreeable smile of hers, "in his lordship's hearing?"

"I did not think of it," replied her mother; "and it would hardly be necessary. Things are so uncertain in poor dear Arthur's state of health; and it would be unpleasant, as I said before, to contradict one's own statement."

"Very unpleasant, indeed, mamma," returned Victorine.

"Do you intend to go to Lady Dashwood's ball, Victorine?"

"I see no reason against it," she replied; "except that Arthur will not be able to go with me. He is not strong enough, and he does not like balls."

"There will be no difficulty in finding you an escort, my dear," said her mother. "There are Mr. Felix and his sister—"

"They are not going," interrupted Victorine.

"Well, then, there are the Wentworths," continued her mother.

"I cannot endure them!" exclaimed Victorine. "Mrs. Wentworth thinks every one who looks at her husband means to run away with him."

"The Lyntons?" suggested Mrs. Ferrars.

"Worse and worse," said Victorine; "besides, Mr. Lynton is laid up with the gout, and that settles the point at once."

"Well, my dear, before the time comes, perhaps we may be fortunate enough to find some one who is not jealous, and who has not got the gout," said Mrs. Ferrars, laughing; "by-the-by, we have passed him quite over. What do you think of Lord Wilcox?"

"He might do, perhaps," replied Victorine, drily.

"Yes, I really think he might," said her mother; "and he has been pestering me about this ball all the week. His sister, Lady Henrietta, goes with him, and I am sure would only be too happy to chaperone you. I am quite glad we just happened to think of him."

Again that wintry smile. Victorine's beauty could never stand before it. It was a detestable smile, as bad as a smile could be.

"By-the-by, Victorine, what do you call Arthur's illness? I never can give it a name, and I have hunted the medical dictionary from beginning to end. Do you call it a nervous disorder, or a brain disorder, or what?"

"It is difficult to say, mamma," replied Victorine, threading her needle, and "going to work a pair of slippers she had promised to make for Arthur."

"So it is," said Mrs. Ferrars; "but I should like to know, my dear. You have consulted Dr. Bowdler privately, have you not?"

"Yes, mamma."

"And what does he call it?"

"He calls it derangement," replied Victorine, quietly, tracing out the pattern with her needle.

"Derangement! Good heavens, Victorine! You don't mean—"

"Just what I say, mamma. No sane person would habitually see, or fancy he saw, a phantom."

"Is it a phantom, Victorine?"

"He thinks it is," she replied. "It is visible to no eyes but his own, and that is characteristic of a spectre."

"But you do not believe there are such things as spectres, Victorine?"

"No, mamma. But I believe a person of unsound mind has moments when he positively sees them. They are palpable objects to him."

"My poor child! Had you not better pause and consider?"

"I am considering, mamma. I am not a foolish, infatuated girl, madly in love, and hurried along without sense or reason. I can stop when I choose. My judgment is perfectly unbiased."

"I am glad to hear it," said her mother; "but then you have been well brought up, though I say it. I always tried to put good rational notions into your head, from your childhood upwards. Young people, now-a-days, are ruined by their feelings."

"My feelings will never play me false, mamma," said Victorine. And so the colloquy ended.

Arthur had never meddled with his sketch since Grace had interrupted him to blow up strife between himself and Victorine. He had been too much occupied in making his peace, and getting it thoroughly established. He had urged Victorine to let their marriage take place at once, and she had almost consented. So that morning he sat down, in overflowing spirits and good-humor, to put the finishing touch to his landscape.

As he was working away with great energy, the door opened, and Lord Wilcox came stealthily into the room. He glanced round with the air of a person who expects to meet an enemy. Then, taking it for granted the coast was clear—for Arthur was concealed from his view by the window-curtains—he laid his hat on the table, threw his white gloves into it, and, walking to the fireplace, began to survey himself in the mirror, and to curl his whiskers over his fingers.

Presently, and to his unspeakable horror, a face appeared side by side with his own, and a voice, that struck terror into his whole frame, addressed him with,

"Good morning, my lord; I hope I see you well."

Poor Lord Wilcox! He literally gashed for fear. The cold drops stood on his forehead. Had he, then, rushed into the very arms of the enemy? Was he face to face with a lunatic?

This was the worst dilemma he had ever been in. There was no closet to run into, no Victorine to stand between them. It would be better to take it coolly, and keep his ground for a few minutes. The lunatic had evidently a lucid interval, and it would not be wise to provoke him. Lord Wilcox had been told that flattery was a healing balm to diseased minds, and when he was sufficiently recovered to articulate, he replied,

"Quite well, thank you, Mr. Lintwood. No need to ask how you are. Look charmingly, sir—quite charmingly! Allow me to congratulate you."

"Thank you, my lord," returned Arthur. "Miss Ferrars's care

and good nursing have done something for me. Very cold this morning," he added, and he took up the poker to stir the fire.

"Very cold—very cold, indeed!" replied Lord Wilcox, keeping his eye intently fixed upon the poker.

"And yet not quite so severe as yesterday, I think," said Arthur.

"No, not so severe as yesterday. Not nearly so severe as yesterday. Quite right, Mr. Lintwood—quite right. Not nearly so—"

"Are you a judge of art? I am finishing a little landscape," said Arthur, very much amused at his manner.

"Delighted to see it. From your own neighborhood, Mr. Lintwood?"

"Leslie, if you please, my lord."

"Oh, yes! Mr. Leslie—beg ten thousand pardons. Never could remember names. From your own neighborhood, Mr. Leslie?"

"No, only just a little fancy," replied Arthur.

"Very pretty fancy, too!" cried Lord Wilcox, fixing his eyeglass, and endeavoring to see a mile off.

"You had better come a little nearer," said Arthur, smiling; "there, that is the right light for it."

"No, thank you, Mr. Lint—Leslie, I mean; beg ten thousand pardons—quite near enough—see it charmingly—most beautiful landscape. Famous tree that behind!"

"It is not a tree!" cried Arthur, laughing. "It is a windmill!"

"Windmill! Oh, dear, yes! See it clearly. Quite right—decidedly a windmill, Mr. Lint—Leslie, I mean—beg ten thousand pardons; never could remember names."

"It will be Lintwood, if it please you better, and if the name of Leslie is so very hard to remember," said Arthur.

"Not at all hard to remember. Delightful name!—quite easy. Leslie—Mr. Leslie, your most obedient servant," said Lord Wilcox, and he bowed nearly to the ground.

"Poor little fellow, he is crazy!" thought Arthur, pityingly.

"Very rational this morning, if the lucid interval does but last," thought Lord Wilcox, tremblingly.

"I wonder what has become of Miss Ferrars," said Arthur, after a pause.

"Vic—Miss Ferrars—beautiful girl—fascinating, is she not? Mr. Lint—Leslie, I mean; beg ten thousand pardons."

"Humph! That is as it happens," said Arthur, coldly, and hating to hear Victorine's name in that man's mouth. "She is very passable."

"Oh, yes, quite right—only passable. Your taste is extremely correct—only just passable," repeated Lord Wilcox, in a terrible hurry to contradict himself.

"People have thought her plain," said Arthur, in a tone of intense pique.

"Oh, yes—plain, no doubt. People have thought her plain. Vic—Miss Ferrars, I mean—remarkably plain girl, Mr. Lint—Leslie, I mean; beg ten thousand pardons."

"I do not think her plain," interrupted Arthur, his jealousy playing all sorts of tricks with his temper. "Not at all plain, my lord. I think her extremely handsome."

"No doubt of it," said Lord Wilcox; "extremely handsome. Vic—Miss Ferrars I mean—extremely handsome, Mr. Lint—"

"Pray, my lord, may I ask what authority you have to use that lady's Christian name?" said Arthur, testily.

"Me, sir!" stammered Lord Wilcox, the cold drops standing on his forehead; "me, sir!"

"Yes, you, my lord," said Arthur; "you have used it three times. I assure you I have a right to ask an explanation."

"The lamb and the wolf! This man will eat me up at last," gasped Lord Wilcox, aside, and turning as white as ash.

"I assure you, Mr. Lint—Leslie, I mean," stammered he; "beg ten thousand pardons."

"No apologies, my lord, if you please," interrupted Arthur.

"I assure you it was quite accidental," said Lord Wilcox. "I—I—Vic—Miss Ferrars I mean, Miss Ferrars—Vic—" and he seemed utterly unable to get any further.

Arthur shrugged his shoulders. "It is of no use arguing with this crazy-pated fool," thought he, turning away.

"If somebody does not come soon I shall make a bolt of it," thought Lord Wilcox.

But somebody did come, in the shape of Victorine, in her walking dress, and looking exceedingly brilliant. She shook hands with Lord Wilcox, congratulated Arthur on his drawing, and then said, politely,

"I am quite at your service, my lord."

At his service! Arthur's eye darted a flash of fire.

"Lord Wilcox, knowing my love for pictures, Arthur, is good enough to show me a gallery belonging to a friend of his," said Victorine, soothingly. "I shall not be away more than an hour at most."

Arthur looked dangerous, so Lord Wilcox thought, and in his alarm and embarrassment he stammered out,

"Would Mr. Lint—Leslie I mean—give us the pleasure of—his company?"

"Nothing would please me better, my lord," said Arthur with a grim smile, and annihilating every hope of enjoyment in Lord Wilcox's mind at one fell stroke.

Arthur had a perfect right to prevent Victorine from going into public with this foppish lord, and so giving rise to a thousand idle reports. It was his duty to protect her from the slander and the gossip of the world, and he would do it, even at the risk of thrusting himself in where he was not wanted. Victorine, however, was a better tactician than he was, and had arranged things after a different fashion. She was not to be balked by a fit of jealousy—she who fancied herself a match even for a spectre.

"I am sure, Arthur, I should very much prefer your going with us," said Victorine, drawing him into an ante-room, and speaking in a whisper; "but I have promised mamma you shall take her a drive this morning, and she will be so disappointed. Poor mamma! she has not been at all well lately. She is anxious, and—"

"Wants a little confidential conversation on a very important subject," interrupted Arthur, fully reassured by Victorine's manner. Victorine blushed, as she replied,

"Well, I can hardly say exactly—"

"You need not say anything, dearest," continued Arthur. "I can say quite exactly. So, if you please, Mrs. Ferrars and I will transact a little business while you are gone."

"Do not be rash, Arthur," said Victorine, putting on her most bewitching look; "you may be ill again, or a hundred things. It is better to let me continue your friend, and not—"

"My dearest Victorine, what incorrigible nonsense you are talking!" exclaimed Arthur, taking both her hands in his. "I shall not be ill again. I am getting quite myself. I even think of going to the ball."

"No, no, Arthur, not to the ball," said Victorine; "Dr. Bowdler says it would be most imprudent."

"Oh, never mind what he says, Victorine. It is naughty of you to be in league with the doctors."

"I want to hear what is best to be done with you, Arthur, in case of a fresh attack," said Victorine. "You must know what a heavy responsibility will rest upon my shoulders by-and-by."

"Oh, very heavy, indeed!" said Arthur, laughing. Then, suddenly becoming grave, he added, "Do you know, Victorine, I am going to send away my picture?"

"Are you?" said Victorine, smilingly; "how very self-denying that will be! I shall have hope of you then."

Arthur sighed, as he replied,

"We will not talk about it. Yes, I am going to send away my picture—oh, Constance! Constance!" and he turned away with an expression of intense pain. "There, go, dearest," he added. "Lord Wilcox will wonder what has become of you."

"I will stay with you, Arthur, if you wish," said Victorine. "I do not care to go, the least bit in the world. Shall I get rid of Lord Wilcox, and come and reason with you?"

"No, no, I am not quite so selfish," said Arthur, recovering, and highly gratified by the expression "get rid of Lord Wilcox." "Go," he added, "and have a pleasant morning. I shall be all right when you come back."

It was strange how that mention of his picture had snapped asunder the thread of Arthur's intended conversation with Mrs. Ferrars. How his thoughts had turned into their old channel; and, while his better judgment stood bravely for Victorine, his affections were all arrayed on the side of Constance. It was uncertain, even now, where this state of things would end.

"I think you are getting a great deal stronger, Arthur," said Mrs. Ferrars to him as they drove along.

"Thanks to yourself and Victorine," replied Arthur, cordially.

"I am sure we are only too glad to do what we can, seeing your

father was one of my oldest friends," continued Mrs. Ferrars; "but there is one thing I wish to name to you. You will not feel annoyed, will you?"

"Oh, dear no," said Arthur. "Nothing that you can say to me would be likely to annoy me."

"Well, then," continued Mrs. Ferrars, "you must attribute my over-anxiety—for such it may be—to its right source, affection for my dearest Victorine. There are few daughters like Victorine, Arthur, though I say it," she added, with a sigh.

"I can fully corroborate that statement," said Arthur. "Victorine is the most excellent woman that ever lived, though I say it," he added, laughing.

"Her happiness is an object of the very first moment," resumed Mrs. Ferrars.

"I shall ever consider it as such," returned Arthur, with great feeling.

"A mother's position is a very responsible one," continued Mrs. Ferrars, bending about the bush, "and I should for ever reproach myself if I allowed my dear Victorine to take any step that was not sanctioned by the soundest judgment. There is no one in the world, Arthur, upon whom I would bestow my daughter with more pleasure than upon yourself. I ought to say, will not, for the matter has gone too far to be retracted."

"A great deal too far," interrupted Arthur, hastily. "I beg pardon, but I scarcely understand what you mean. Is not Victorine's happiness perfectly secure with me?"

"Perfectly so," she replied; "that is, as far as your good intentions are concerned, but—" and she stopped, as if considering how to proceed.

"But what?" cried Arthur, half impatiently.

"I am placed in a delicate position," she replied, "between the dread of offending you, and my anxiety for Victorine; yet my feelings require some consideration."

"They shall have every consideration from me," cried Arthur, warmly; "pray speak out without any reserve. I see you have some hidden anxiety; allow me to share it with you."

"You are very kind, Arthur," said Mrs. Ferrars. "I confess I have an anxiety."

"On what account?" said Arthur. "Pray let me hear it."

"On account of your state of mind, Arthur. I do not like to name the subject; but these strange—strange—I hardly know what to call them."

"Apparitions," said Arthur, gloomily.

"Well, yes," said Mrs. Ferrars; "they are so out of the way. Of course they are mere delusions, but I never heard of any one similarly affected, and I am not at all sure of the effect they may ultimately produce."

"They will not produce any effect," replied Arthur. "They will die out. Victorine will charm them away."

"Poor Victorine!" sighed Mrs. Ferrars.

"You think it a hard and thankless office?" said Arthur, turning abruptly round, and speaking quickly and impetuously.

"I should be more satisfied if, before things were finally settled, you would consult some eminent physician—Dr. Bowdler for instance—and let me know his report on the matter," said Mrs. Ferrars.

"There is not the slightest necessity; he could do me no good—no good whatever," said Arthur, sighing.

"But it would be a satisfaction to me, and to poor Victorine."

"Poor Victorine!" Again it grated on his ear. "Victorine need be under no anxiety," said he, hastily; "the phantom will retire before her. I may never see it again—I never expect to see it again," he repeated emphatically.

Did he never expect to see it again? The thought was exquisitely painful, and brought with it a feeling of strange desolation. But even while he spoke, the phantom was at hand. His voice seemed to call it into existence, as if to contradict his statement. A face looked at him from the carriage window. He catches but a glimpse, and it is gone. But the golden hair, the eyes, the features, they are here.

"Oh, Constance! Constance!" and the paroxysm seizes him, and he dashes after her wildly and furiously. She is there, and he may overtake her. He may lay hold upon her, and assure himself that the warm blood rushes through her veins—and know if it be life or death, a living woman or a mocking phantom. He calls "Constance! Constance!" and urges on the horses till they fly, as on the wings of the wind. He sees nothing but those golden tresses, and fears nothing but that she may be gone, and hears nothing but the pulses of his own heart beating violently to the name of Constance! Constance! Constance! He shall overtake her; he sees her in the distance—or thinks he does—and the confused noise that grows around him is of no moment. Out of his way! Stand back—stand back! He is a madman! Will no one seize the reins? The lady by his side has fainted—her white face looks like death. But death himself is in the race. On—on—and then comes a cry of terror, and the race is ended, and the horses, covered with dust and foam, are struggling on the ground, and the crowd closes about them, and Arthur feels he has been mad, and looks wildly round for Constance. Ah! there is no Constance! It has been a delusion, as it always was, and he is mad, mad, mad!

Why cannot the dead be at peace? Will she haunt him to his very grave?

CHAPTER XIV.

VICTORINE spent a delightful morning in the picture gallery with Lord Wilcox. The good-natured nobleman—for such he was, despite his foppery—cheered up amazingly when he found that Arthur was to be left behind. He did the agreeable to the utmost of his ability, said a thousand flattering things, sauntered about with Victorine on his arm, and was in a state of Elysium.

Lord Wilcox knew nothing of pictures; his small world of whiskers and white kid gloves, and scent bottles, and cambric handkerchiefs, could not admit so great a thing as Art. Art was a dead letter to him; but Love, who can creep through the smallest aperture, had crept into Lord Wilcox's heart, and just now was playing a desperate game with his sensibilities. He was head over ears in love. It was for the twentieth time, at least, for a pretty face had always turned his brain; but still it was twenty times stronger than ever it had been before. He had made up his mind to marry Victorine—that is to say, if she would have him, and he rather thought she would.

He thought she would, because, in the first place, he had a title, and none of Victorine's relatives had ever yet boasted that honor. Then he had estates in Devonshire, and that was another fact in his favor. Then he was not bad looking—ah—hem! he had always cultivated his personal appearance. His hair was modish in the extreme; his eyes were decidedly brilliant; his whiskers—they were unexceptionable—not a word could be said against his whiskers. Decidedly he was the most eligible person she was ever likely to meet with; and therefore, like a sensible woman, Victorine was sure to accept him.

But he was not intending to make her an offer in public, he was not going to blurt out, "Will you marry me?" after the fashion of John and Joan, no such thing; he was intending to proceed in the most delicate and refined manner. He would write down the offer on paper—not on a great sheet like a sail, but on pink note-paper, scented, embossed, cream-laid, superfine, and with a pen dipped in otter of roses. It should be a dainty little offer, daintily presented. But what to say was the difficulty after all; it must resolve itself, despite his horror of John and Joan, into the plain matter-of-fact, "Will you marry me?" Pshaw! Why heed it, when the whole English language is open to him, and Lord Wilcox looks upon himself as an excellent scholar, and forgets how, not very long ago, he was plucked at college! However that may be, he beheld him one fine morning, sitting down to write his pink note. He looks himself in the study, the most retired room in the house, and gives strict orders not to be disturbed. He begins to write. A hand-organ in the street drives him nervously distracted. He feels the man hand-organ and gets rid of him. Then follow all the street cries in succession. What an insufferable nuisance! He gets enraged, and sighs for an Act of Parliament. But his note does not progress an inch, how should it? He will run down into Drury-lane. One cannot even write a love-letter in this great noisy riotous London!

So the next day, down he drives into the country, the Complete Letter-writer with him.

It does not fare much better with him here, though there are no noises to disturb him. He has other difficulties to contend with, and other knotty points to settle. How shall he begin? The Complete Letter-writer does not enlighten him on this subject quite so much as might be expected. It cannot be plain "my dear,"—that would be detestable. John would have addressed Joan as "my

dear" Oh, no, Lord Wilcox has a better idea in his head than that. But the idea, whatever it is, is very slow in coming. He scribbles little bits of paper all over with divers forms of address. "Beautiful" would be too hackneyed; anybody might be beautiful. "Divine" would be slightly profane. "Adorable" would be too frenzied. How shall he begin? And he passes his hand through his hair, and spoils his pretty dandified curls in utter bewilderment of mind. At length, like a skyrocket that shoots straight up to the clouds, and then falls down again as suddenly, poor Lord Wilcox had to drop down on the veritable "my dear" he had been so reviling. "My dear Victorine." There was no help for it, and really it did not look amiss. Well, what shall he say next? His brain will be pretty fagged before that pink sheet is creditably filled. It is desperately hard work. The pink note now became the serious occupation of his life. He ran backwards and forwards to town, and then returned to plunge into his solitude and the Complete Letter-writer. It gave quite a zest to the ordinary routine of his existence. He even forgot his whiskers and his scent bottles.

The pink note was progressing favorably the day of his taking Victorine to the picture gallery; and while its author hurried back to give it a finishing touch, Victorine had reached home, and was startled by the news of the accident that had just happened in the park.

The news was suddenly told to her by Grace, whose eyes were swelled up with crying, and who seemed in a state of terrible alarm. "Oh, Victorine! he has seen her again."

"Whom has he seen? What is the matter, Grace?"

"The dead woman! Arthur, I mean; they were driving in the park," sobbed Grace, who at no time paid much respect to her nominatives.

"Constance!" said Victorine.

"Yes, if that is her name," replied Grace. "I hate her, I am sure, nasty, horrid thing! And then Arthur must needs drive on after her like mad, and they all got upset together. He is in such a way, worse than ever."

"But mamma, mamma!" cried Victorine, impatiently.

"Mrs. Ferrars has been thrown out and nearly frightened to death, nothing else," said Grace. "But do go to Arthur, he is like any one else, and will not hear a word I have to say."

"I will go to mamma first, if you please," said Victorine, coldly.

"But Arthur!" said Grace.

"Arthur must wait my convenience; he has done mischief enough for one day," said Victorine, in the same icy tone.

She then quitted the room without a word or sympathy of consolation.

Arthur, meantime, was pacing up and down the library, impatient for Victorine's return. Impatient to entreat her pardon, and to hear her consoling voice. That she would console him he had no doubt; that she would reason with him calmly and patiently as ever. It never occurred to Arthur that this last act of wildness and delirium might possibly stagger the faith even of Victorine. He had accustomed himself to think of her as so entirely his own, of her loyalty to him as so paramount and steadfast a thing. The very foundations of the earth could sooner give way than that. She was all he had to rely upon, she would surely come.

He fancied he heard her footsteps, and opened the door. But it was only the servant in attendance on Mrs. Ferrars. His anxiety about Mrs. Ferrars had subsided when he knew she was uninjured. The strange predicament in which he himself was placed absorbed every feeling. How he wished Victorine would come! But Victorine did not come. She had returned from the picture gallery, but had gone immediately to her mother. This was right and natural, and it would have been unlike Victorine not to have done so. Arthur restrained himself, and tried to think the moments less intolerable. Victorine and her mother had much to forgive; he could not break in upon them; he must wait their leisure. But it was a bad season for writing, with his brain on fire, and a thousand tumultuous emotions tossing and struggling within him; with the remembrance—vivid as life—of that glorious face and those golden tresses, and with his reason to tell him that all was a delusion, that nothing was real, except that she was dead; that the face and hair were as unreal as a dream; that it was no Constance—how could it be?—but a monstrous phantom that had gained the mastery over him, and was leading him he knew not where, he dared not even think. Still Victorine did not come; she had left her mother, and was gone into her own room, so Grace told him, to read a note some one had brought. Arthur grew impatient. How could she delay for a trifle like that?—some invitation to an evening party, or some slight interchange of politeness. Surely it might have been passed over on an occasion like this.

He is weary of this endless waiting; he will go to her. She is in her boudoir, and he has been admitted there before; and he goes, in a tumult of agitation, expecting her to calm it down, and restore him to some degree of composure. She is sitting at the table writing, answering the note evidently, for it lies before her, a little scented frippery of a note, of no consequence at all. He could have taken it up and crushed it in his hand, so angry he felt that such a trifle should intervene between them at such a moment, and turn off the tide of thought and consideration from himself and his pressing emergency.

Victorine was pale, but there was a brightness in her eye that startled him, an expression he had never seen before. And he had never seen before the smile with which she rose to meet him. It was extraordinary for Victorine's face to wear such a smile as that.

"Why did not you come to me?" he asked, half reproachfully.

"Because I was otherwise engaged," she replied, and she pointed to the note.

"But when I was so ill," said Arthur, "and so utterly distracted, you might have spared me these moments of anxiety."

"Mamma is ill, too," replied Victorine, coldly; "and I was anxious to finish my note and return to her."

"But will you not reason with me, Victorine?" cried Arthur, alarmed at her coldness. "Do not turn away from me. I have never needed your sympathy so much as I do now."

"My sympathy will do you but little service," replied Victorine, her face perfectly calm and unmoved; "and we must seek another remedy than that of mere reasoning. Reasoning has not done much for you at present."

"You are angry with me, Victorine, I see you are."

"I shall be obliged by your leaving me at this moment; to-morrow we will discuss the point," she replied, folding up her note, and pausing as if wishing him to leave the room before she directed it.

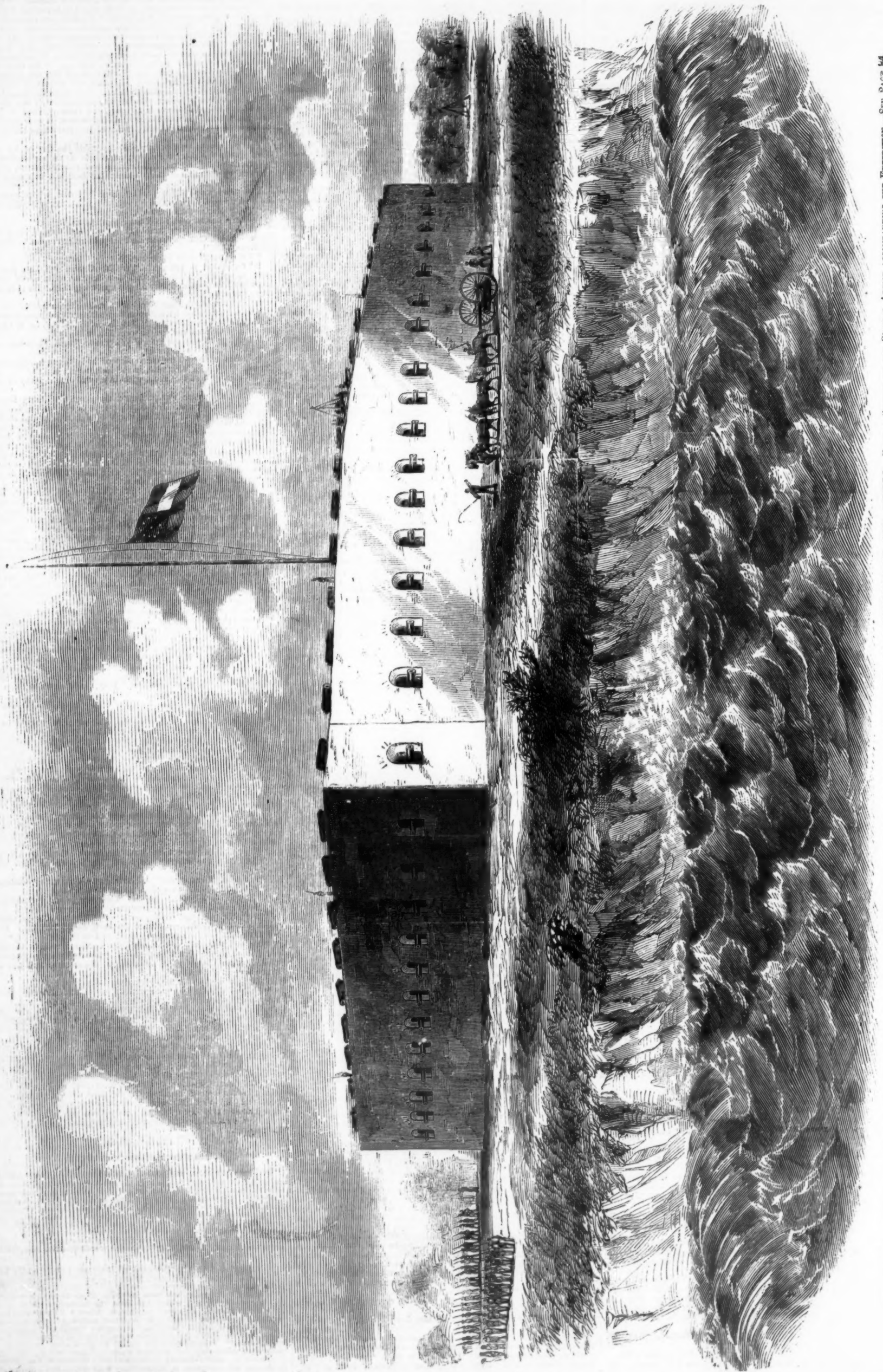
There was a quiet resolution in her manner that admitted of no opposition. Arthur left her, with a strange sinking of heart, a feeling as though all were lost, as though some precious link were broken that never could be united again. He retired to his own room to pass the day as best he could. There was no Victorine to whisper hope and comfort, and to sing to him with that syren voice of hers. It was strange to have her fill him just now.

But the morrow came at last. Arthur rose with a sensation of pain and unrest, as if he must that day meet some new and untried evil. He and Victorine were to discuss the point, and he should hear his fate from her own lips. He desired an early interview, for he longed to tell her what he was suffering, and Victorine granted his request.

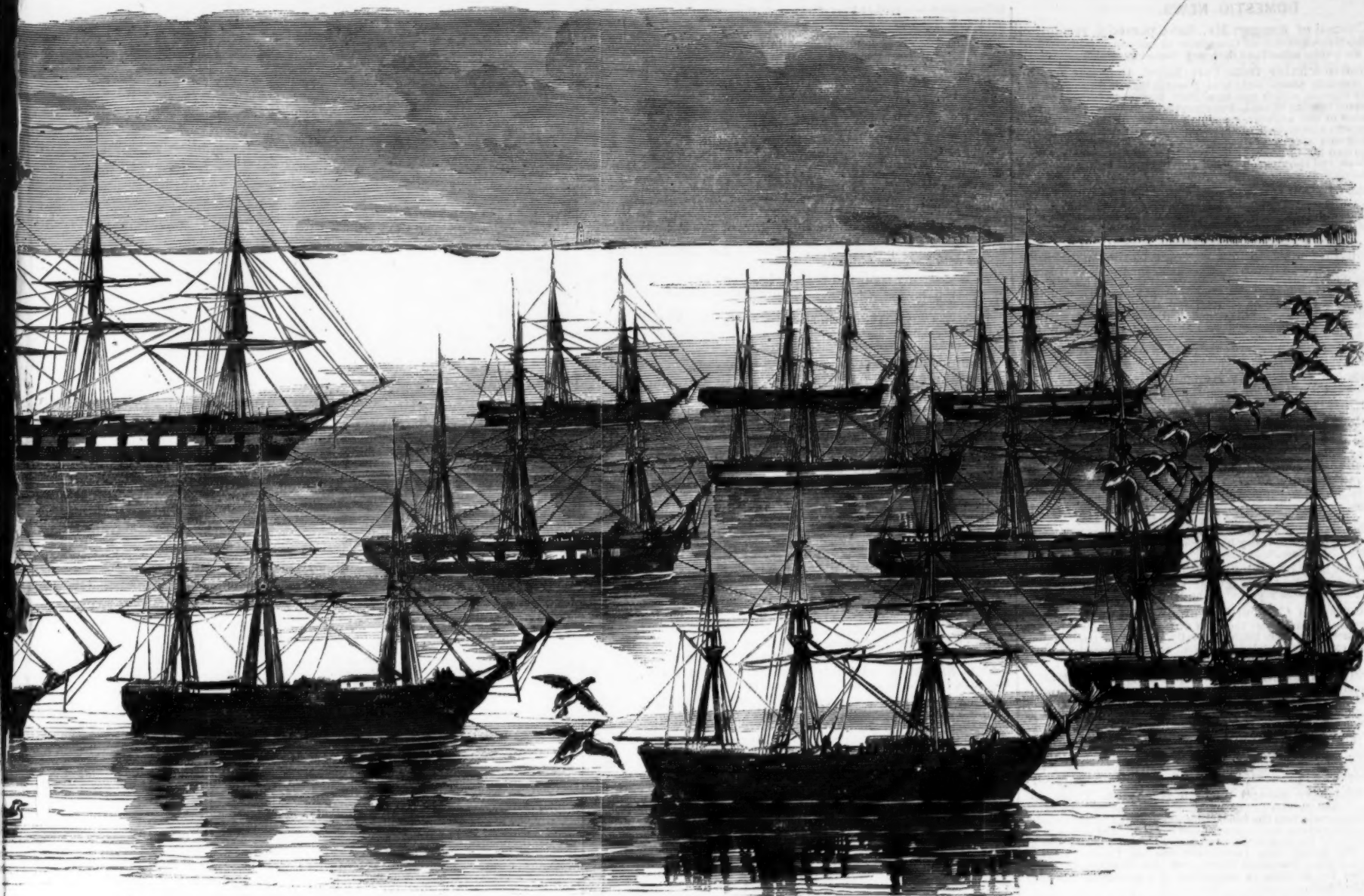
(To be continued.)

It has long been suspected that the cereal grains are but cultivated examples of wild cereal grasses—that they were not created as corn, but that they have been improved by culture into their present condition. This supposition was confirmed by M. Fabre, of Adge, in the south of France, who, in 1838, sowed some grains of the *Egilops ovata*, a common cereal grass, and, by successive sowings in garden soil, produced, in 1846, crops of real wheat as fine as any to be found in the neighborhood. This experiment is now being carried on by the professor of geology and botany in the Royal Agricultural College, and the grass is gradually undergoing the same transformation into the true cereal grain.

A PAMPHLET in the Secession interest has recently been published in Paris by M. Bellot de Minerne, entitled "La Question Americaine," in which the author endeavors to prove that it is not slavery but tariff which for 50 years has been the bone of contention between the North and South, and which has been the immediate cause of the Southern rebellion. He draws a contrast between "President" Davis and Mr. Lincoln, not favorable to the latter, entitling the former as the "gallant hero of Buena Vista," and calling the President "the personification of irresolution, always agreeing with the last person with whom he converses." In conclusion, he thinks England must recognize the Southern Confederacy, for England wants Southern cotton, and wishes to destroy the manufacturing interests of the Northern States. France, he thinks, will recognize it, because they want cotton and a market.



THE GREAT SOUTHERN EXPEDITION—FORT PULASKI, AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE SAVANNAH RIVER, AND IN POSSESSION OF THE REBELS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING THE EXPEDITION.—SEE PAGE 84.



Sailing Frigate Savannah.

Old Hulks sunk by the Rebels in the Channel.

Lighthouse.

Stone Fleet.

Commodore Tatnall's Rebel Squadron

Entrance to Savannah.

THE RIVER CHANNEL, A PORTION OF THE NATIONAL BLOCKADING SQUADRON, AND THE STONE FLEET.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST ACCOMPANYING THE EXPEDITION.

that the possession of Tybee Island would not be bloodshed.

orning, after breakfast, the steamers slowly sailed the others remaining outside of the range of the Seneca, followed by the Pocahontas (Capt. Rodgers, in command, and on board the Seneca), slowly as the fort, with the view of drawing the fire of the their range and calibre. At first they kept well off the shore; but all remained quiet on the island. re could distinctly see the fort, but there was no flag were any guns to be seen, nor any signs of life

s from the rebels, the Seneca proceeded a little her 11-inch gun. The shot fell short, and elicited fort. Again and again she fired, sometimes shot hell, some of which burst directly over the fort. in this manner for a couple of hours, she steamed on the opposite shore, firing occasionally, and, her up, came down close to the fort, and under the that might be there. The reason that her firing demonstration from the rebel fort was now found been deserted. No one was on the island.

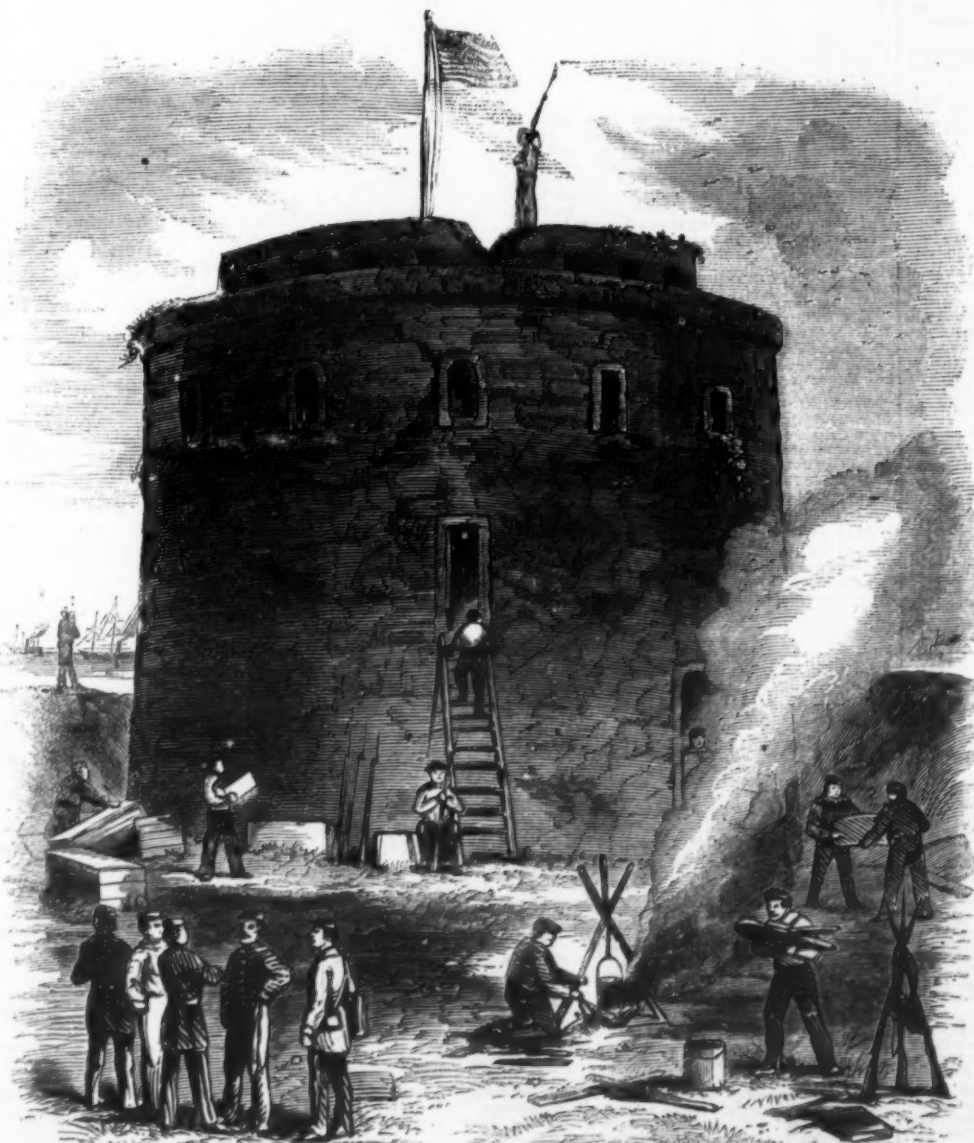
The Ancient Martello Tower.

anal troops landed on Tybee Island, at the mouth river, they found the fortifications erected there ndoned. In the centre of the works was a monu- ten time," a martello tower, built by the early s thus described by the *Herald* correspondent: ttery rose the gray walls of a martello tower, showing of decay without, but within the platforms and ivy timbers, were wasted by rot and rapidly crumb- as a strange old tower, and a curious monument ring skill. It is at least 50 feet in diameter and as ight. Constructed of tapia, a concrete of oyster ith walls at least 10 feet thick, pierced for musket- holes for five cannon, and evidently intended to e, it showed that this was the scene of war and ions ago. How many flags had waved over its gray e hard to tell. First the Spanish, then the French wards the Colonial ensign; then the Stars and or a brief time by a rebel flag of stars and bars, and the Union floats like a thing of beauty high above shed the tower, Jack of the navy was engaged in e of concrete into the lower door, and barricading the tower is gained by a ladder of primitive style, door 10 feet from the ground. Stepping upon a dangerous, we gain a view of the internal arrange- ous work. In the centre is a well, constructed of ch extends from a distance below the ground to the ver. At the bottom of this well was once a fine ut it had long since been clogged up with falling es of concrete. From the well timbers are laid to the flooring placed upon them. The timbers are and a large portion of the flooring has rotted and r. Two or three fireplaces, built in the walls, saw them, a cheerful fire of hard pine. The musket-7, and evidences of platforms for sharp- ear the parapet. With a little repair the work ng time against everything but artillery."

to Obstruct the Entrance to Savannah. ll perceive, from the sketches we publish in the pre- the rebels have not waited for the stone fleet to seal vannah, but have anticipated the punishment by themselves. This has been done with the threefold ing Fort Pulaski, the mosquito fleet, commanded and to prevent the National navy from ascending

Fort Pulaski.

is named after the gallant Pole who fell in our Seneca, is situated on Cockspar Island, the dimen- e about a mile in length, by somewhat above half a P. It commands the entrance of Savannah



ANCIENT SPANISH MARTELLO TOWER UPON TYBEE ISLAND, MOUTH OF THE SAVANNAH RIVER, GA.—FROM A SKETCH TAKEN ON THE SPOT.

river, which is about two miles broad. In shape it is an irregular pentagon, with the base line, or curtain face, inland, and the other faces casemated, and bearing on the approaches.

The curtain, which is simply crenellated, is covered by a redan, surrounded by a deep ditch, inside the parapet of which are granite platforms, ready for the reception of guns. The parapet is thick, and the scarp and counterscarp are faced with solid masonry. A drawbridge affords access to the interior of the redan, when the gate of the fort is approached across a deep and broad moat, which is crossed by another drawbridge.

The officer's quarters are in a gallery at the side of the curtain, in lofty bombproof casemates. In May last the *London Times* Russell visited it; the garrison was 650 men, their tents being pitched inside the redan and on the terreplein of the parapets.

The walls of Fort Pulaski are exceedingly solid, being built of gray brick, upwards of six feet thick, the casemates and bombproofs being lofty. The works are intended for 125 guns, but it is not likely there are half that number mounted. In May these consisted of long 32's, a few 42's and some columbiads of 10-inch bore. There are three furnaces for heating red-hot shot. As the channel here is close to the fort, our possession of it will be the most impregnable blockade we can establish.

THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.—The following characteristic notice, which we once saw posted on the door of a village school in Utah, will give some idea of the way in which schoolmasters are supported in these new countries: "Notice.—I, schoolmaster, to all the brethren, greeting. Monday, the 19th of November, the anniversary of the massacre of one hundred and eighty-five Assyrians by the Angel of the Lord, has been fixed upon for the re-opening of my course on the divine sciences and reading and on writing, with the art of orthography: and whereas, ye are in a state of famine, in consequence of the seventh year after our establishment in the country, the charges will be fixed for each scholar, girl or boy, in the following way: For one month, a bushel of wheat or maize, or two bushels of potatoes. And whereas it is winter, each must bring a cedar log every fortnight. And whereas those who cannot pay in grain or Irish potatoes, may be able to do it in some other way, bears' flesh, squirrels, and dried pumpkins will be received, as well as salt pork and cheese. And whereas I have nothing whatever to eat, I must be paid a month in advance, inasmuch as I am in want."

THE Rev. Dr. Morse was speaking at a public dinner of the benefit of flogging in bringing up children. The doctor took the affirmative, and his chief opponent was a young minister, whose reputation for veracity was not very high. He maintained that parents often do harm to their children from undue punishment, from not knowing the facts of the case. "Why," said he, "the only time my father whipped me was for telling the truth." "Well," retorted the doctor, "it cured you of it, didn't it?"

COLONEL BOONE, of Mississippi, taken prisoner at Bull Run, says of the rebel troops at the battle: "I never in my life saw a set of men so badly scared as ours were on that occasion—except yours"

DOMESTIC NEWS.

THE City Council of Bangor, Me., have passed a resolution instructing the Municipal School Committee to introduce military drill into such of the public schools as they may deem expedient.

It is stated in a letter from Port Royal that one of the boats of the Spanish steam ferry-boat *Nuestra Señora de Regla*, from New York for Havana, which put into Port Royal on the 26th of November, reported in want of coal, was discovered on shore endeavoring to kidnap some of the negroes remaining on one of the plantations, and a subsequent examination of the steamer herself disclosed the fact that she had already aboard a considerable number, stowed away in the hold, and destined for Cuba and a market. Her captain was arrested and put in irons, and the steamer placed under the guns of a sloop-of-war.

At Kansas City, on the 24th ult., by order of Colonel Johnson, of the 1st Kansas Cavalry regiment, a soldier was shot in the presence of the entire command, for the crime of stealing, threatening the lives of citizens, breaking into houses, and insulting grossly two young girls. He was a Mexican, named Joseph Ramon.

GOVERNOR PIERPONT, in his message to the Legislature of Kanawha, or Western Virginia, congratulates the people of Western Virginia upon the fact that they have contributed their full quota to the army of the Union, and adds: "We have been repeatedly told that Western Virginia would soon be overrun and subjugated by the Confederate armies, our property confiscated and ourselves driven from our homes or subjected to the penalties of treason. Wise, Floyd and Lee were in their turn to accomplish this work. They have attempted it, and have owed their own safety to the rapidity with which they have retreated before our forces."

The prisoners confined at Newport Barracks, Ky., recently captured at Pickett, in the same State, have made a proposition to enlist as soldiers in the United States army. They claim that they were misled by bad and designing men, and that if they could regain their former footing they would pursue a different course.

THERE are now at the Navy Yard, Washington, 75 fugitive slaves, most of whom are employed by the Navy Department at wages amounting to \$10 per month.

SAYS the Commercial Advertiser: "A private letter by the latest arrival from Port Royal states, incidentally, that one of the Quartermasters has, on his own responsibility, set about 40 gins at work, cleaning the cotton from seed, and preparing it for market. The negroes, as an inducement to work, are to receive three cents per pound for all marketable cotton, and they have gone into the business, it is represented, with enthusiasm."

KENTUCKY'S quota of Union soldiers is 25,000, under the Act of Congress calling for 500,000 troops. On Saturday last this quota was filled and 2,700 over—as reported to the Military Board.

WHEN the news of Colonel Corcoran's sentence of close confinement reached Charleston, the effect of the news upon the Irish population was terrible. The Irish generally became so excited that two regiments, exclusively of Irishmen, had to be removed to Sullivan's Island, for the purpose of preventing an outbreak.

THAT erratic genius, George N. Sanders, has written a letter to Kosuth, extolling the Secession movement, and urging the lovers of freedom in Europe to sympathize with the South. He has not, however, yet paid the little deficit of \$12,000 in his accounts as Navy Agent in New York.

THE first military execution in the army of the Potomac took place Dec. 14th, on the body of private W. H. Johnson, of the Lincoln Cavalry, in the presence of 7,000 men of Gen. Franklin's division. He had been convicted of desertion and communication with the enemy.

PERSONS who have passed through Nashville, Tenn., on the 6th of Dec., found the city in the midst of a revolution. An effort to impress some citizens into the rebel army was resisted by the people, who rose in large numbers, and a general riot ensued. The police, who endeavored to subdue the multitude, were fiercely opposed, and four of them killed. The people then rushed towards the Capitol, to take vengeance on the rebel Governor Harris, but that functionary fled to Memphis. This fact in itself is suggestive of a general reactionary movement in the South.

THE official canvass for the Mayoralty of New York gives the following result:

Opdyke, Republican.....	25,380
Guthrie, Tammany.....	24,767
Wood, Mozart.....	24,107

This, it will be seen, gives Mr. Opdyke 613 votes over Mr. Guthrie and 1,213 votes over Mr. Wood.

THE pirate steamer *Sumter*, overtaken at Martinique by the U. S. steamer *Iroquois*, was allowed to escape under circumstances implying treason on the part of the commander of the *Iroquois*. At Port Royal the captain of the *Iroquois* saw the corsair, ran alongside, and at length laid off the mouth of the harbor, which is a very narrow passage out to sea, for the purpose of intercepting her as she came out. Notwithstanding all this, the *Sumter* was allowed to escape, and is now probably committing more depredations at sea. If this report be correct, it will be the duty of Secretary Welles to cashier the captain of the *Iroquois* immediately. At all events, it is due to the country, and to the officer implicated, that the whole matter should be promptly and thoroughly investigated.

WAR NEWS.

Sharp Skirmish on the Upper Potomac.

ON Saturday afternoon, December 7, a rebel force, consisting of a battery of six pieces and about 400 infantry and 200 cavalry, made their appearance on the Virginia side of the Potomac river, at Dam No. 5, and commenced shelling the dam and the houses on the Maryland shore. A company of the 13th Massachusetts were on picket duty there, but having only smooth-bore guns, they could effect nothing against the enemy, who continued their fire all day. During the night, however, another company of the 13th arrived, armed with Enfield rifles, and when the enemy opened fire again in the morning, they were repelled with such effect that a considerable number of them were placed hors de combat, and they were forced to abandon their battery. It was removed by them, however, on Sunday night, the National force not being sufficient to cross the river, to effect its capture.

Abandoned Forts in St. Helena Sound.

ON Monday, the 25th of November, the steamers *Seneca*, *Unadilla* and *Pawnee* made a reconnaissance of the numerous creeks and channels connecting the waters of Port Royal with St. Helena Sound. A correspondent on board the *Seneca* writes: "About noon we came in sight of a rebel steamer, but she evidently had a distaste for our 11-inch columbiad, for no sooner did we start in pursuit of her, than she darted up one of the thousand little rivers which we could not enter. Soon after we caught sight of a rebel battery, and immediately cleared the deck for action, and sent our compliments neatly inclosed in a 11-inch shell. To our surprise, and, perhaps, disappointment, no response was received; so, after firing once or twice more, we steamed up and sent our boat ashore. The battery was a fine one, and had been erected at great expense of time, money and labor. We found it deserted, and the guns (what few were left) had been spiked. The negroes said there was not a white man on the island, and had not been since the engagement at Fort Walker. After burning the gun cradges we started again on the way, and toward evening came in sight of another battery, which was saluted in the same manner, and with the same result. All Tuesday we remained at anchor. The next day we started up Ashpore river, and the expedition now began to be hazardous, for every mile was taking us nearer Charleston, and we did not know but any moment the masked batteries of the enemy would open upon us. About nine o'clock we spied another fortification. It was quite large and appeared very strong. This time we certainly expected a fight, again cleared for action, and sent an 11-inch shell into the very centre of the battery; but there was no response. We now concluded that either the rebels were terribly frightened, or that they were exceedingly sharp, and had an ugly trick for us somewhere; but we concluded to go ahead until we had some better reasons for turning back."

The Bombardment at Pensacola.

THE National accounts of the artillery duel between Fort Pickens and the rebel forts and batteries around Pensacola harbor have just been received. It appears that, during the latter part of November, the commander at Fort Pickens observed a couple of rebel steamers busily engaged in transporting ammunition from the town of Pensacola to the batteries opposite the fort, a circumstance indicating an approaching attack. Col. Brown, on the 25th, informed Gen. Bragg that if the steamers should again make their appearance he should fire on them, and received the response "Fire away!" On the morning of the 22d ult., two steamers made their appearance as before. Col. Brown disabled one, and the other escaped. A general cannonade then took place between Fort Pickens and Fort Barrancas, the Niagara and the Richmond opening fire upon Fort McRae and several other water batteries. The engagement lasted the better part of two days. Fort McRae was silenced, and also the water batteries within reach of the Richmond's guns. The Richmond had one man killed, James Cook (a captain of a gun), and seven men wounded. There were none injured on board the Niagara. Both vessels were slightly damaged in their upper works. The town of Warrington was destroyed. Fort Pickens sustained no injury from Fort Barrancas, not even a sandbag displaced. One man killed, but no other casualties until two days after, when a most deplorable

accident occurred at Fort Pickens, killing five men and wounding many. It was caused by removing from a shell a fuse. The shell exploded, doing the above damage. The shell was one that had been fired from Fort Barrancas, and had lodged in the fort without exploding at the time. Col. Brown says that he has Fort Barrancas entirely at his mercy. He is most anxiously awaiting the arrival of troops to hold the forts when he shall have taken them.

PERSONAL.

PROFESSOR ADLER, late Professor of the Classical Languages in Columbia College, has commenced a course of Lectures on the History of Roman Literature, in the Lecture Room of the University (Washington Square), to continue on every Saturday evening, from Dec. 1st to March 8th. No person is better qualified to do justice to so comprehensive a subject than Prof. Adler, and we are sure his lectures will be critical as well as scholarly.

MR. E. CROSWELL, formerly editor of the Albany *Argus*, has written a letter approving of Col. John Cochrane's speech on the propriety of arming slaves. He says that the Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson agrees with him.

It is credibly reported that Brig.-Gen. D. E. Sickles has adopted the opinions of Col. John Cochrane, upon the use to be made of the slaves in prosecuting the war.

HON. GARRET DAVIS, unconditional Union, has been nominated for Senator of Kentucky, in place of the traitor Breckinridge, by one majority, over Hon. James Guthrie, "neutrality," i. e., semi-Secessh.

THE Washington correspondent of the *Herald* says: "Our Commodore Levy was asked why he did not give Monticello (the home of Jefferson) to the Government, and he replied, 'I have made my will, giving to the Government not only Monticello, but \$100,000 beside!'"

CAPT. FRANCIS G. YOUNG, of New York, late Brigade Quartermaster of Col. Baker's Brigade, has been appointed an Assistant-Quartermaster in the United States Army.

J. H. GREEN, better known as "the reformed gambler," holds the position of captain in an Indiana regiment.

JOHN C. HEENAN, the Benicia Boy, has arrived in Cincinnati, intending to raise a company of troops for the war in the Southwest.

CHARLES ANDERSON, Esq., brother of Gen. Robert Anderson, formerly an eminent member of the Cincinnati bar, but for some time past resident in Texas, where he took strong ground against the rebellion, has reached this city, after suffering great indignities and imprisonment at the hands of the rebels. He escaped through Mexico.

MAYOR EDMUND T. CARPENTER, of Hudson City, New Jersey, who was injured about two months ago in quelling a riot among the troops stationed on Bergen Hill, died on Sunday morning, the 1st of December. He was much respected by his fellow-citizens, who elected him twice to the Mayoralty. He was in his 61st year.

GEN. SHERMAN, who lately commanded in Kentucky, is said to be insane. It is charitable to think so.

WE are glad to see that Frank Bellew, Esq., is about to make the public partake of his extensive knowledge of Comic Literature and Caricatures, by giving Lectures upon those subjects. The first is to be on Caricature, and will be illustrated by humorous diagrams made at the moment. The second will be on the London *Punch* which cannot fail to be of great interest, as he has been, and still is, one of its favored contributors and artists. When it is said that he is also the leading caricaturist of *Frank Leslie's Budget of Fun*, we can add nothing more in his favor. His first lecture will be given in New York.

FOREIGN NEWS.

FRANCE.—A careful perusal of the correspondence between Mr. Seward and Mr. Dayton, our Minister in Paris, compels us to believe that the Government of France has lost its traditional good feeling towards our Republic, and would not be sorry to increase our embarrassments. The London *Daily News*, on the other hand, attributes its action to a nervous dread of becoming involved in our imbroglio. We, however, cannot be too thankful that Mr. Seward's most inexpressible offer to hand our marine fettered hand and foot into the power of England has been prevented. The result of the abolition of privateering would be to render a national navy necessary to counteract the European powers.

ENGLAND.—The fitting out of the *Nashville* at Southampton is so glaring a violation of the Queen's Proclamation that all comment upon it is superfluous. If the reception of the United States warship *James Alder* be considered as a set-off, it is in effect placing a Southern privateer, which England declared in 1861 to be a pirate, upon the same footing as a national vessel of war, or, in other words, making Lord Nelson and Captain Kid both of the same profession. The excitement in England among the unreflecting masses was great when the news arrived of the seizure of *Mason and Slidell*. The merchants of Liverpool held a meeting, where several violent speeches were made, but it was finally resolved to leave the matter in the hands of the Government, which, of course, they could not help doing. Funds fell one per cent. in London, but rallied one-half per cent. before business closed. The *Times* has a characteristic article on the subject—half-and-half—but virtually admitting that law is against them. The *Daily News*—once so strongly for us—demands immediate satisfaction. Bright's organ—the *Standard*—alone justifies the action of Captain Wilkes. The whole thing will end in smoke; but that it will make our English friends more inclined to speak out openly for the South is certain. The *Nashville* will, it is said, be allowed to refit in Southampton.

ITALY.—It is reported that the Minister of Victor Emanuel at Madrid has demanded his passports, in consequence of a severe misunderstanding with the Spanish Court on the Neapolitan question.

RUSSIA.—This immense empire is, like ourselves, in the throes of a crisis, but we fear not with the same chances of emerging either so speedily or so triumphantly. The benevolent vacillation of the Emperor has been misunderstood.

MEXICO.—The Mexicans appear at last to have adopted a plan—and what is more, they are acting upon it. They have dismantled Vera Cruz, and carried the guns into the interior, there to harass the enemy should they advance upon the Hills of the Montezumas. The President Juarez told an American lately that he knew the adherents of Spain in the city of Mexico had planned the murder of the foreign residents, in order to exasperate the Governments of France and England, and so play into the hands of Spain.

HAVANA.—The two first instalments of the Spanish contingent had sailed for Vera Cruz, and the French and English contingents are gathering in the harbor. They were expected to sail about the 7th of December. The combined squadron is, consequently, well on its way to the scene of action.

THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—This spacious edifice was crowded from parquette to gallery on Thursday night, to witness the new performances introduced there by Messrs. Fox & Lindard. These consist of a series of pantomimes, got up with lavish wealth of scenery and wonderful perfection of machinery, quite equalling, if not surpassing, the best of similar productions in Europe. The scene effects in "LOGRE" were splendid, and *Clown* and *Pantaloon* by the Messrs. Fox were irresistibly droll. Mr. Stanton's *Harlequin* was as spry and glittering as used to be, and Miss Browne acquitted herself very creditably as *Columbine*. The great feature of the evening, however, was the extraordinary feat in *Zampillaerotation* by Mr. William Hanlon, assisted by his brothers, which has never yet been equalled for daring and elegance in any part of the world. It is a thing to be seen, for it cannot be described. If the reader can conceive of a man starting from the centre of the boxes in the vast circle of Academy, and at three bounds landing on a column 25 feet high, in the middle of the stage, somersaulting through the air in his passage, he may get some notion of Mr. Hanlon's wonderful performance; but even then he will fail to comprehend the grace and elegance of the feat. Its difficulty does not at the moment seem so great as it really is, from the circumstance that it is performed with so much apparent ease, and it is only after a little reflection that the spectator is able to appreciate it rightly. Mr. Hanlon was enthusiastically applauded, and retired with the most satisfactory assurance of complete success. We regret to say that the male members of the great Hogg family were there in considerable force, and distinguished themselves, as usual, by standing up in the passages and obstructing the view of the ladies and others seated in the boxes and parquette. They talked loud and offensively when expostulated with by the ushers and individuals aggrieved. We hope the ladies will henceforth have a stout policeman or two around for the special benefit of the Hoggas, who, by the way, may be recognized any afternoon in Broadway, where they puff their nasty cigars in the faces of the ladies.

WINTER GARDEN.—"Full tide of success" is a phrase often used, but seldom so well illustrated as at present at the Winter Garden, where Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams hold triumphant sway. The new piece, "Secessh," has been withdrawn; the standard favorites having been found pre-eminently attractive, and sufficient to fill the house—and what manager could ask more!

LAURA KEENE'S.—Miss Laura Keene announces the withdrawal of the "Seven Sons" between this and Christmas. The extravaganza has enjoyed a phenomenal run of nearly 100 nights. It will give place to a Christmas Carol entitled "Little Tom," and a burlesque entitled "Robinson Crusoe."

NEW BOWERY.—At the New Bowery Theatre high tragedy has taken root and will flourish under the auspices of Mr. E. L. Davenport and Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wallack. "Othello," followed by a nautical drama, in which Mr. Boniface smells of tar through three acts, has been on the bills for the last week.

OUR talented countrywoman, Miss Avonia Jones, is daily strengthening the favorable impression which she produced in London on her first appearance. The *Era*, in a judicious criticism of her *Medea* as compared with the rendering of those grand artists, Rachel and Ristori, awards her a rank above them both, the highest rank attained by any actress of the age or century. It says: "The requisite accomplishments for undertaking a part such as this must be many and rare. The wife, the mother, the murderess, are intimately united—angelic sweetness and hyena-like fury. And out of these elements arises the difficulty of choosing the tone which is to pervade the picture. Is it to be all English nobility, every prospect of establishing himself amongst us in Rachel? Neither; for *Pity* is unsuited to representations such as these. But when interpreted by Miss Avonia Jones we can at once imagine the *Medea* to be such as Euripides willed it. In her version, which is both feminine and graceful, she does not come upon us as an Amazon, but gradually steals into our hearts as a Woman, and we compassionate her long before we hate and dread her. This distinction, which Miss Avonia Jones exhibits with so much prominence in the earlier scenes, is a proof of the highest intellectuality, and sufficient to rank her as the first actress of the day in tragedy."

MR. SOTHERN is playing at the Haymarket in "Our American Cousin." He sustains the part of Dunderbary to Mr. Buckstone's *Assa Trenchard*. The *Era* says of him: "This gentleman, who, though some years ago holding a good position at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, is quite a stranger to our metropolitan boards, has, by his excellent performance of *Lord Dunderbary*, a highly colored caricature of an English nobleman, every prospect of establishing himself amongst us as a permanent favorite. Notwithstanding the character is as far removed beyond the bounds of probability as the wildest fancy can conceive, the extravagance of the author's outline is so dexterously filled up by the actor, that the caricature becomes as full of pleasantry as any *Gilray* or *Cruikshank* ever drew, and equally fertile in suggestiveness. Thoroughly artistic in its development, preserving harmonious proportions throughout, and replete with touches of genuine comedy, the personation thus presented will be recognised as a decided addition to our gallery of histrionic art."

BUFFALO has attained to the dignity of owning an opera house. Mr. Brisbane, the well-known spiritist, is the author and architect of the project. The building will accommodate about 1,000 persons, and is neat and elegant in every particular. It is located on the centre of the block on Main street, opposite the American Hotel, and is approached by a spacious hallway, extensively decorated. It is to be managed under the direction of Mr. Grant. The troupe includes Miss Carlotta Patti, Madame Susini, Miss Kellogg, Brignoli, Mancini and Susini. Ten operas are to be given on as many nights. "Lucia" was announced for the inaugural performance.

BOOK NOTICES.

ILLUSTRATED ANNUAL REGISTER OF RURAL AFFAIRS FOR 1862. 160 Engravings. Luther Tucker and Son, Albany.

This is one of the most elegant as well as most useful of the Almanacs, containing a vast amount of matter important to the farmer and country gentleman, the man who plants his 160 acres or cultivates his pig pen. Every department of rural economy has its appropriate notice, and is further illustrated wherever necessary to clearness or precision. Whoever has to do with the cultivation of our genial mother earth should have the Register, which may be obtained by enclosing 25 cents to the publishers as above.

THANKSGIVING.—A Sermon delivered in Arch Street Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, November 28, 1861, by REV. CHARLES WADSWORTH. T. B. Peterson and Brothers, Philadelphia. An eloquent and appropriate discourse.

PROVIDENCE IN WAR.—A Sermon, by REV. S. D. BURCHARD, D. D., of the 13th Street Presbyterian Church, New York, September 28th, 1861.

This constitutes No. 33 of "The Pulpit and Rostrum," published by Mr. E. D. Barker, 135 Grand street, and is a patriotic and eloquent discourse, grappling earnestly with the great questions of the times. Dr. Burchard believes that we may have to pass through severe trials and emergencies, but that "they will be the means, under God, of developing great men of enlarged comprehension, patriots of singular wisdom, men of purpose, solicitous of principles, the right men in the right place, who will scorn a compromise, but ready to heal a breach."

LEWIS'S GYMNASIUM MONTHLY AND JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE. Boston: Volume 2, No. 1.

A valuable work, devoted to Physical Education and Training, full of practical suggestions and amply illustrated. It will do more for the feeble and dyspeptic than any doctor's book whatever.

THE AMERICAN UNION; ITS EFFECT ON NATIONAL CHARACTER AND POLICY, WITH AN INQUIRY INTO SECESSION AS A CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHT AND THE CAUSES OF THE DISRUPTION By JAMES SPENCE.

Such is the title of a shallow production, characterized equally by ignorance and presumption, just published by Bentley, of London. It will help swell Time's wallet for oblivion. The author has just distinguished himself by presiding at a Secession sympathy meeting in Liverpool.

THE NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW.—E. J. Sears, New York. Volume 4, No. 1.

"Sensation" literature, pictures, poetry and romance have pretty much superseded the Addisonian style of composition and criticism. But it is to the latter that the English language, in great part, owes its scope and purity. The *National Quarterly* aims to conserve this purity, while it deals with the vitalities of the age. And although less stately, perhaps, than the *North American*, and certainly less bigoted and partisan than the *Quarterly* and the *Edinburgh*, it has a sympathy with the times and an infusion of its spirit, which must commend it to the "men of the time," or rather to the people who are enacting history on its grandest scale. We commend the *Quarterly* to all thoughtful and reflecting men, and are only sorry that "inexorable columns" will not permit us to give it the discriminating notice which its merits deserve.

WAR AND EMANCIPATION; a Thanksgiving Sermon, preached in the Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, Nov. 21st, 1861, by REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER. P. A. Brady, 24 Ann street.

The text of this sermon is the story of Sampson finding the honey in the carcass of the slain lion, and it is easy to see how, in the facile hands of so expert a divine as Mr. Beecher, it could be made to apply to the war and its consequences. The sermon is, of course, an able and eloquent production.

HUMORS OF THE WAR.

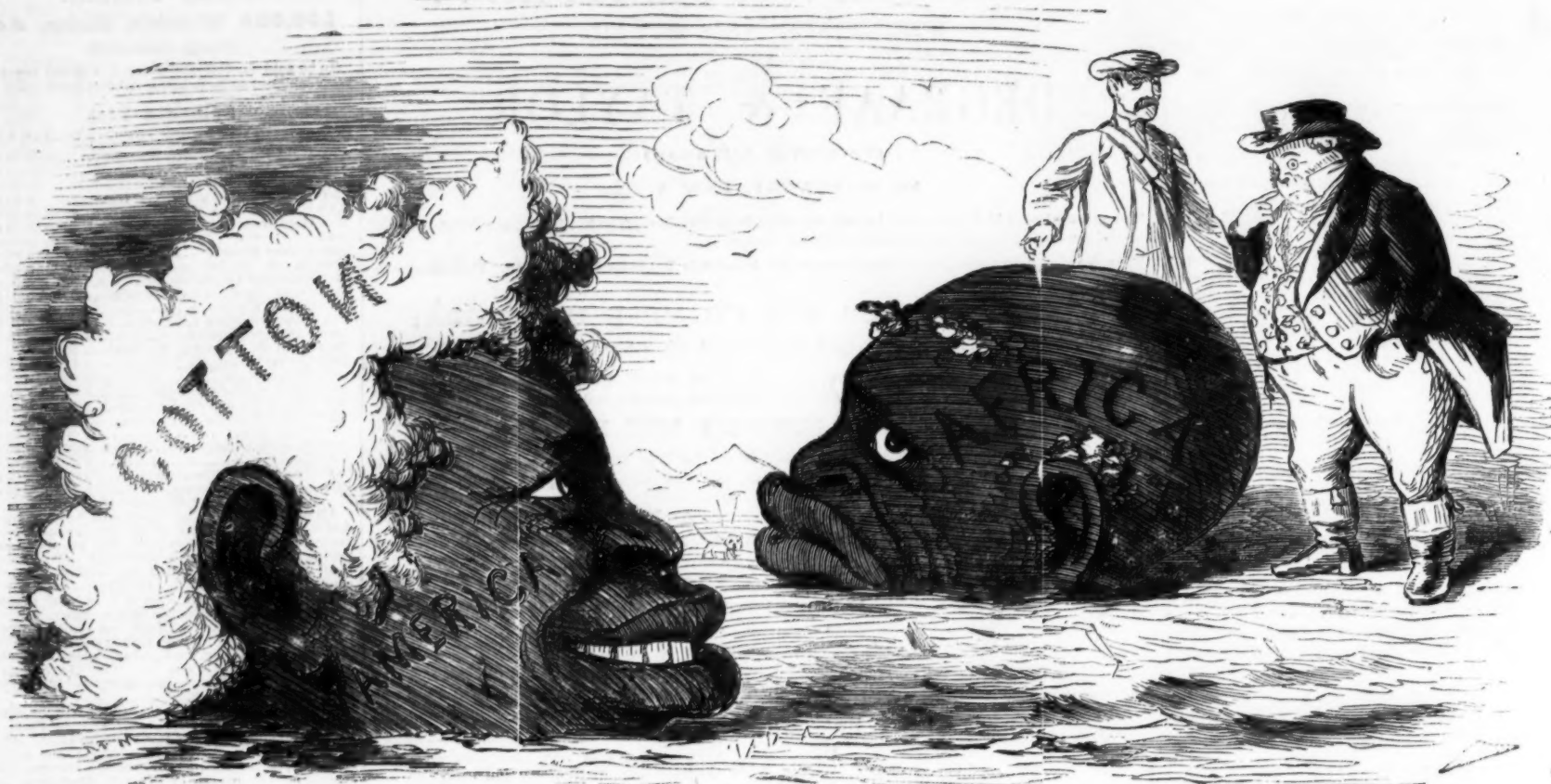
WE know of no better heading under which to place the following passage from a letter of our whilom friend, Quintero, formerly engaged on the Spanish *Noticioso* of this city. Quintero is a man of fine parts, but we never had a conception of his coolness. When we tell our readers that he was expropriated from Cuba as an abettor of Lopez; that he was afterwards private Secretary of Quitman, and always a silbustero—got his living, in fact, as such, they (our readers) will be reasonably astonished to hear that, on being sent by Jeff. Davis on a semi-diplomatic mission to the frontier States of Mexico, he took occasion to arraign the policy of the United States as aggressive! Just as though silbustierism and repudiation and Secession, were not plants of exclusive Southern growth! "The force of impudence can no further go," and we yield the floor to Quintero, whose poetry is more rational than his politics:

"It has appeared proper for me to declare to your Excellency that the Confederate Government disavows all the ideas of conquest or invasion of other territories which have been so visible in the policy of the United States. On the contrary, it declares to its neighbors that it demands from them only absolute sovereignty and authority in its own dominions, submitting itself solely to the law of nations and the stipulations of treaties."

GENERAL HUNTER delivers up runaway nigs, But confiscates a cow, mule or grunter; He'd better be cautious in running such rigs, Or he'll soon get the name of—"slave Hunter!"

WHAT TO DO WITH YOUR MONEY.—When found, make a Treasury note of it.

A VOLUNTEER who prides himself upon the domestic arts he has learned during camp life, writes home to advise the girls not to be in a hurry to marry, for the boys will return in a short time, and the girls can then get good husbands who can cook, wash and iron, and do general housework, or work in the garden, or run errands for their wives.



"He had no wool on the top of his head,
Where the wool ought to grow—ought to grow."—OLD SONG.

JOHN BULL—"Hulloa, Dr. Livingstone, this is rather a slim crop for ten years, you know!"

"MAUM GUINEA."

THIS name bids fair to become memorable in our literature. The character of that singular woman is a new creation, as startling and real as the state of the slave which it so wonderfully reproduces. Her "Children" are other slaves, each of whom has a life history of a character at once to enchain interest. The peculiar and novel nature of the subject—Christmas Week among the American Slaves—is treated with such power, pathos, humor and keen appreciation of character, that it must stand out in relief as one of the most original and thoroughly delightful romances in our literature.

As a romance of fact, it is one of the very best ever offered to the American public, and fully warrants all the encomium lavished upon it in all quarters. Its unusual sale is but in keeping with its merits. Every one who reads it is intensely gratified. It bids fair to find its way to the FIRESIDES OF AMERICA, to a greater extent than any romance since the days of "Uncle Tom" and "Jane Eyre." Ask for

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